THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

STILL LATER AND BETTER!

NEW SPRING GOODS
IN GREAT PROFUSION AT
FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

While so many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of being the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW
THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Tinware,
Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, anued Goods, &c., &c.

Also, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,
which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the
BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

☞A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional warerroom, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and eager seekers after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially my friends from the country, to whom the highestp rices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious stable for the free use of all who may wish to put up their stock. Thankful for past favors and hopeful for many future ones I remain as ever.

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, March, 1880.

DON'T, GENTLEMEN, DON'T
BUY A STITCH OF
WEARING APPAREL!
OR A SINGLE ARTICLE OF
CENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!
UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE IMMENSE STOCK OF
WARM-WEATHER CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,
Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.
JUST RECEIVED AT THE
Young America Clothing House,
Corner Eleventh Avenue and Eleventh Street,
ALTOONA, PA.,
THE PROPRIETORS OF WHICH MAKE IT THEIR CONSTANT AIM TO
KEEP A STOCK AND SELL AT PRICES
WHICH FEW CAN EQUAL AND NONE CAN EXCEL.

Therefore we repeat it: Don't invest one cent in SPRING or SUMMER CLOTHING, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c., &c., until you have seen what they can do for you at the

Young America Clothing House,
[4-23.] Cor. 11th Avenue and 11th Street, Altoona, Pa. [11-tf.]

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

CORN & CO.
HAVE DECIDED TO SELL THEIR ENTIRE
STOCK OF SUMMER GOODS
AT LOWER PRICES than articles of the kind have ever been offered at, as will be seen by the following quotations at cash figures:

Ladies' Untrimmed Hats	25c. up.	Gents' Shirts from	25c. up.
Children's Hats	25c. "	" White Shirts from	50c. "
Sailor Hats from	25c. "	Straw Hats from	10c. "
Ladies' Trimmed Hats	75c. "	" Neckties from	5c. "
Ladies' Sun Bonnets	25c. "	Boys' Hats from	25c. "
Fezie Hats	5c. "	" Suspenders from	10c. "
Children's Lace Caps	50c. "	Men's Suspenders from	25c. "
Linen Ulsters	$1.25 "	" Overalls from	25c. "
Flowers, Ribbons, Ties, Collars, Laces, Embroideries, Satins and various other Notions too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold at an equal reduction in prices.		" Working Pants from	$1.00 "
		" Socks from	5c. "
		" Collars from	5c. "
		" Cuffs from	5c. "

Men's Wool Hats, 50c. up; Men's Fur Hats, $1.00 up; Men's Caps, 25c. up.

Also, a Full Line of Men's Rubber Goods,

Consisting of Coats, Pants and Vests, together with a large and varied stock of other goods for ladies and gents, on all of which prices have been greatly reduced—so much so, indeed, that we will sell some articles at and below cost in order to make room for other goods we are daily receiving.

☞Thankful for past favors and hoping to be found worthy of a continuance and increase of the same in the future, we remain,

Respectfully, Yours,
CORN & CO.,
281 Main St., Johnstown, Pa.

Note.—The above refers especially to our Branch Store in Johnstown, but it should be remembered by those who do their shopping in Altoona that our old-established Store is at 1307 Eleventh Avenue, where we keep a large and varied stock consisting of DRY GOODS, CARPETS, FANCY GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS, HATS, CAPS, &c., &c., which we sell at prices that cannot be surpassed for cheapness. [July 9, 1880.-tf.]

STILL HOLDING THE FORT!

THE NEW STORE BUILDING OF
S. TEITELBAUM, Carrolltown, Pa.,
HAS JUST BEEN OPENED WITH A SPLENDID STOCK OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.

CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1880.-tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.

are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, was known natural to cleanse the system of accumulated and poisonous and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of this wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcholic bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use natures remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist, Price, $1. (Will send post paid.) WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Props. Burlington, Vt.

Are sold by all Hardware and Harness Dealers. There is no one owning a horse or mule but what will find in this line of goods something of great value, and especially adapted to their wants. COVERT M'F'G CO., West Troy, N. Y., Sole Manufacturers.

HOW TO GET almost Everything.

Do you know how to get in the easiest way and to best advantage what you want for dress and house-furnishing?

First, how: Write for a catalogue; see what you can learn from it about the things you want. If samples can be useful to you, ask for them and state your wants so plainly that exactly the right samples can be sent.

Second, where: The place where goods are kept in the greatest variety; where they are sold for what they really are in respect to quality; where prices are lowest; where most care is taken to serve customers acceptably; and where you have the right to return whatever is not satisfactory.

There—no matter where you are—if you make your wants known and avail yourself of your privileges, you will get the best things in the best way, promptly and without trouble or risk; sometimes by mail, sometimes by express, almost always at less cost for carriage than the money you save in the price.

John Wanamaker,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Chestnut, Thirteenth, Market and Juniper.

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

HOW TO GET Clothing under Price.

If we could sell a little more of this and a little less of that, we could make things come out even—the last man that came in would carry off the last suit; but we can't. Out of every stock there are a great many sizes left when some are gone. The best we can do with these incomplete assortments is to mark them low enough to set a great many people looking among them for bargains.

This we do every day at this time of year; and just now we have enough of such to stock a little store.

Besides, odd parts of suits get left—coats, vests and trousers. We have a room in which there is nothing else. There is in that room cheaper clothing than you have any notion of. We call it the Bargain-Room.

These marked-down suits and garments are of all sorts; they may be among the best in the store.

We force a continual clearance of such articles as would only embarrass us; and keep our stocks always fresh and full.

Wanamaker & Brown,
Oak Hall, Sixth and Market,
Philadelphia.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MICHAEL EXNER, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of Michael Exner, late of Chest township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
JOHN G. GILL, Administrator.
Chest Twp., June 25, 1880.-6t.

STRAY STEER.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, in Gallitzin township, Cameria county, and was enclosed by me on the 26th of June, a three-year-old dark brindle steer, without any marks. The owner is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away; failing in which, he will be disposed of as the law directs.
July 9, 1880.-3t.* MOSES JOHN CASSIDY.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections especially. [10-14.-tf.]

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

REVISED FROM A SANITARY POINT OF VIEW.

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained;
The malarious farm, the wet, fungus grown wildwood,
The chills then contracted that since have remained;
The scum-covered duck pond, the pig-stye close by it,
The ditch where the sour-smelling house-drainage fell;
The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barn-yard nigh it,—
But worse than all else was that terrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the mold-crusted bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted
The water I drank in the days called to mind,
Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted
In the water of wells by analysis find.
The rotting wood-fibre, the oxide of iron,
The algæ, the frog of unusual size,
The water—impure as the verses of Byron—
Are things I remember with tears in my eyes.

And to tell the sad truth—though I shudder to think it—
I considered that water uncommonly clear,
And often at noon when I went there to drink it,
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy!
And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell,
Then soon, with its nitrates and nitrites, and slimy
With matter organic, it rose from the well.

Oh! had I but realized, in time to avoid them,
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught,
I'd have tested for organic germs and destroyed them
With potass permanganate ere I had quaffed;
Or perchance I'd have boiled it and afterward strained it
Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined,
Or after distilling, condensed and regained it,
In potable form, with its filth left behind.

How little I knew of the dread typhoid fever
Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink!
But since I've become a devoted believer
In the teachings of science, I shudder to think.
And now far removed from the scenes I'm describing,
The story for warning to others I tell,
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing,
And I gag at the thought of that horrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the fungus-grown bucket,
In fact, the slop-bucket, that hung in the well.

—*J. G. Bayles in the Sanitarian.*

A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY KILE DALLAS.

In the town of Lynn every man is a shoemaker. That is not quite an exact statement but it is so nearly the truth that I will let it stand. Certainly, in almost all the little houses somebody is at work either binding shoes, hammering soles, making heels or stitching uppers. And among them, many years ago, none could have been found more busy and more contented than a quiet, red-haired Scotchman, called Sandy McPherson. He lived alone, being either a bachelor or a widower—probably the first—in a little two-roomed house on wheels, and whenever the owner of the ground on which he had established his residence asked awkward questions or demanded rent, he simply wheeled his mansion away. Thus he spent next to nothing, and though he did not make much money, saved the best part of what he made.

He had lived several years in his quiet way when one day there appeared in the village a tall, serious gentleman in a black coat, who inquiring diligently for Mr. Alexander McPherson, soon discovered the object of his search in simple Sandy McPherson, hammering away at his bench, and thus addressed him:

"Sir, I am one of the firm of Dunn & Derry, lawyers, and I bring you the sad news that your uncle, Mr. Donald McPherson, has departed this life."

Sandy laid down his lap-stone, shook his head, and gravely remarked:

"I never thought Uncle Donald was a long-lived man." And thinking his duty done, set to work again. But once more the lawyer spoke:

"And it is also my pleasant duty, Mr. McPherson, to inform you that your uncle Donald has left you a legacy amounting to five thousand dollars, which, after the necessary formalities, our firm will take pleasure in paying into your hands."

Sandy put down his work again, looked at the lawyer, and after a pause, remarked:

"It was weel meant of Uncle Donald, and you mean weel to me in telling me of it, but it will be aye dreadful trouble spending sic a sum."

The lawyer laughed; he thought his client intended a joke, but Sandy was in sober earnest. Having received the necessary instructions he shut up his little house, fastened the doors and shutters well, stored it with an old farmer just out of town, and went to get his money. For three years no one in Lynn saw or heard anything of him, but at the end of that time Mr. Gage, the farmer with whom Sandy had left his house, was surprised by his re-appearance in a good suit of clothes, with a very red face and a very portly person to claim his house again.

"I'm glad to get back," he said. "I've had hard work to spend my five thousand dollars, and I could na do it without eating and drinking more than was aye gude for me; but I've lived through it, and maybe I'm no the worse for a bit o' holiday.

And once more the door of the little wheeled house stood open, and Sandy McPherson worked beside it from dawn until sunset.

Two years passed. At the end of that time the village gossips once more saw the tall, spare form of the member of Dunn & Derry in the streets of the little town. This time he made no inquiries, but walked to the door of Sandy's house and knocked.

"Come in," cried the shoemaker, and in walked the lawyer.

"Oh! and it is you, Mr. Dunn?" cried Sandy, "Sit ye doon, mon; and what new news hae ye for me?"

"Much the same as before, Mr. McPherson," replied the lawyer. "Your Uncle Duncan has left this world for a better."

"Oh, aye, I saw the old man was failing," said Sandy.

"His property," continued the lawyer, "has been equally divided amongst his four nephews; and your share, my dear sir, I am happy to tell you, amounts to two thousand pounds, or if you like the sound better, ten thousand dollars."

"That's twice as much as Uncle Donald left me," sighed Sandy. "'Twill be hard work spending it. The five thousand nearly killed me, but a' is as God will, if it's come on me. I'll be with you to-morrow morning, sir. Sooner begun, sooner done."

Again the little house was stored away behind the barn of Mr. Gage's farm; but this time the farmer having died in Sandy's absence the bargain was made with the Widow Gage, a comely woman of forty, who gave Sandy some good advice on the subject of his fortune, which he received in silence. Away he went, and for three years Lynn saw him no more; but when another year was on its way the wonder-stricken inhabitants saw Sandy again at his bench. But Sandy was an altered man. He had grown fat, his eyes were red and watery, his nose the shape of an onion, he had symptoms of the gout, and as he worked he made his plaint to any one who would listen to him.

"Ah! you may laugh—none of you have tried it; spending ten thousand dollars in three years is hard work for any man. And I made a mistake. I begun wi' whisky.—When I took to port wine I got on faster. It's a fine wine, the port wine, ou, aye, but you can hae too much of it. It's put me almost past the work."

However, five years of oatmeal porridge, bacon and weak tea, with hard work, reduced Sandy to his former condition of skin and bone. His health was good, his eye clear, and he was more contented than ever, until one day through the streets of Lynn walked once more the tall, grave, serious gentleman from the firm of Dunn & Derry.

This time Lynn was actually excited, and as the lawyer entered the door Sandy turned upon him a face longer and more solemn than he had ever shown before, and cried out:

"Mr. Dunn again! Weel out with it, mon! Bad news, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied the lawyer. "Your Aunt Jean is dead. She departed this life very suddenly. It was a shock to all the family."

"Aye; I thought Aunt Jean would live to be a hundred," said Sandy.

"So did she; but she had made her will notwithstanding, and as you were her favorite nephew she has left every farthing to you. Sir, I congratulate you."

"Don't do that, mon," said Sandy. "You mean weel, but it's adding insult to injury. Let me know the worst. She must hae been an unco rich woman—my Aunt Jean."

"You are now possessed of more than fifty thousand dollars," replied the lawyer. "Indeed, coolly as you take it, I should like to stand in your shoes, Mr. McPherson."

"Ah, weel," replied Sandy, "you may call it cool, but I feel pretty warm. How is a man ever to spend feefty thousand dollars?"

The lawyer departed, laughing. In an hour Sandy stood in Mrs. Gage's dooryard.

"I'm in trouble again, Mrs. Gage," said he. "My Aunt Jean is dead. Oh, no, 'tisn't that; we must all die some day, but she's left me her money, and I've feefty thousand dollars to spend."

"I wish I had," said the farmer's widow, whose hair was gradually growing gray under the weight of a thousand dollar mortgage. "It's flying in the face of Providence to talk that way of a fine fortune."

"But how is a mon to spend it?" continued Sandy. "I couldn't get through the ten thousand wi'out makin' a beast of myself, and feefty thousand at my age will be the end of me. What's a single mon like me to do wi' it all?"

"Oh! there are plenty of ways, Mr. McPherson," said the farmer's widow. "You could be benevolent."

"I'll never give good money to beggars; let them work for their bread," said Sandy.—"Ah! you dinna know, Mrs. Gago. A mon can eat but five meals the day if he does his best, and to bo aye drinking is all that is left."

"Dear, dear! what a pity it is you haven't a good, sensible wife to show you how to use your money," said Mrs. Gage. "You'd find no trouble then."

"But, you see, I'm a bachelor," said Sandy.

"You needn't remain one," replied Mrs. Gage.

"And who would I marry?" asked Sandy.

"It's not *for me* to say," replied Mrs. Gage. "Some sensible, middle-aged woman, Mr. McPherson."

"I wonder would you have me?" asked Sandy. "You're a very sensible woman, Mrs. Gage, and it strikes me I couldn't do better; but I hope you'll drink your share."

Mrs. Gage held her peace, and Lynn was surprised by a wedding the next week. The mortgage was paid off; the boys were sent to college; the farm prospered. Mrs. McPherson and Sandy appeared each Sunday at church in black silk and broadcloth, and Sandy still made shoes in the little house now wheeled permanently to the kitchen door, up to the last account received of him. As for his money, he seems to forget that a married man is any more comfortable than a bachelor, and adds: "I didn't know it until the wife told me," which is regarded as one of Mr. McPherson's jokes, though it is strictly true.

NO GRAMMAR FOR HIM.—"I have been sendin' my darter Nancy to skool, and last Friday I went over to the skool to see how she was gettin' along, and I seed things I didn't like by no means. The skoolmaster was larnin' her things entirely out of the line of eddycation, and as I think improper. I set awhile in the skool house and heard one class say their lesson. The lesson that Nancy said was nuthin' but the foolishest kind of talk; the rediclist words she said was 'I love.' I looked at her for bein' so improper, but she went right on and sed, 'thou loves' and 'he loves.' And I reckon you never heard such a rigmarole in your life—love, love, love, and nothin' but love. Sez I, 'Who do you love, Nancy?' The skoolmaster said he would explain after Nancy had finished the lesson. This sorter pacified me, and Nancy went on with her awful love talk. It got wus and wus every word. She said, 'I might or would love.' I stopped her again and sed I reckon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The skoolmaster tried to interfere, but I would not let him say a word. He sed I was a fool, and I knockt him down and made him holler in short order. I talkt the strate thing to him. I told him I'd show him to learn my darter grammar. I got the nabers together, and we sent him off in a hurry, and I recken thar'l be no more grammar teachin' in these parts soon."

A CONSUMPTIVE-LOOKING MAN, lame and feeble and carrying a plat bottle full of something, halted a pedestrian and said: "I found this bottle on the corner back there and I wish you'd tell me what's in it." The other took it, removed the cork and snuffed in a full breath. The next instant he staggered against a wall, clawing the air and choking and gasping, and it was a full minute before he blurted out: "Why, you infernal idiot, that's hartshorn." "Well, I'm perfectly willing to take your word for it without extra insults," observed the invalid in an injured voice, and he took his bottle and walked off like a man who had been abused without the least excuse.

A DIFFICULT thing to get on tick this weather—Asleep.

A FAITHFUL SENTRY.

THE GOOSE THAT IN TURN SAVED ITS PRESERVER'S LIFE.

An interesting relic is preserved in a glass case in the Coldstream Guards' orderly-room at Whitehall. It consists of the head and neck of a goose, around which is a golden collar with the inscription: "Jacob—Second Battalion Coldstream Guards." Beneath it are the words, "Died on Duty."

In 1838 a rebellion broke out in our Canadian possessions, and two battalions of the Guards were sent thither to assist in quelling it, the battalion already mentioned being one of them. Both corps occupied the citadel of Quebec, and in their turn supplied the guards which were ordered to be mounted in different parts of the town and neighborhood. Near one of these guards was a farm yard which had suffered much from the ravages of foxes—animals that were at that period a great pest to the colonists; and as the farm in question had been suspected of being the meeting place of the rebels, a chain of sentries was placed around it. One day the sentry whose duty it was to watch the entrance to the farm had his attention attracted by an unusual noise, and on looking towards the spot whence it proceeded he beheld a fine goose fleeing toward him closely pursued by a fox. His first impulse was to have a shot at the latter; but this would have alarmed the guard, and brought condign punishment on himself for giving a false alarm. He was compelled, therefore, to remain a silent spectator of the scene, while every step brought the reynard nearer to his prey. In the height of its despair the poor bird ran its head and neck between the legs of the soldier, in its frantic effort to reach the refuge which the sentry-box could afford; and at the same moment the wily fox made a desperate grab at the goose, but too late, for ere he could get a feather between his teeth the ready bayonet of the sentinel had passed through his body. The poor goose, by way of showing its gratitude towards its preserver, rubbed its head against his legs, and made other equally curious demonstrations of joy; nor could it ever be prevailed on to quit the post, but walked up and down, day after day, with each successive sentry that was placed there, until the battalion left Canada, when the goose was brought away with it, as a regimental pet, to England.

The most remarkable thing in connection with the story is that the goose in turn actually saved the life of its preserver. Whether the former knew that the sentry was the same man or not must of course forever remain a problem; but it so happened that he was on that particular post about two months afterward, when a desperate attempt was made to surprise and kill the unwary sentinel. It was winter time, and although it was a bright moonlight night, the moon was hidden ever and anon by the scudding clouds which seemed to presage an approaching storm. In these moments of darkness a sharp observer might have noticed the shadows of several men who, unobserved by the somewhat drowsy sentinel, were endeavoring stealthily to approach the post where he stood. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, a strange rustling sound, and bringing his musket to his shoulder, he shouted loudly, "Who goes there?" Not a sound save the echo of his own voice in the distance, and the sighing of the winter wind among the branches of the trees which stood in the deserted farm-yard, responded to the challenge.

Several minutes elapsed, during which the soldier marched up and down his lonely beat followed by the devoted goose, until, deeming his alarm unwarranted, he again "stood at ease" before the sentry-box. This was the enemy's opportunity, and the rebels were not long in endeavoring to profit by it. Closer and closer they stole up toward the post, the thick snow which lay on the ground completely deadening the sounds of their footsteps. But just as two of their number, one on each side of the sentry-box, were preparing with uplifted knife to spring upon the unsuspecting man, the bird made a grand effort, rose suddenly on its wings, and swept round the sentry-box with tremendous force, flapping its wings right in the faces of the would-be assassins. They were astounded and rushed blindly forward, but the sentry, fully aroused to his danger, bayoneted one and shot the other as he was running away. Meanwhile, the other conspirators approached to the assistance of their colleagues; but the bird repeated its tactics, and enabled the sentry to keep them at bay until the guard—whom the firing of his gun had alarmed—came upon the scene and made them fly for their lives.

When this incident became known, poor old Jacob was the hero of the garrison; and the officers subscribed for and purchased the golden collar which the bird afterward wore until the day of his death.

On the arrival of the regiment in London the bird resumed its old duties with the sentinels posted at the barrack gates, and it was exceedingly amusing to watch its movements as it walked proudly up and down with the sentry, or stood to "attention" beside the box when the latter was saluting a passing officer or guard. The feathered hero was well fed and cared for, and a circular bath filled with water was always at his disposal. Children were its especial favorites, as they used to bring the creature lots of food; but Jacob would never tolerate any liberties except when, in military parlance, he was "standing easy." For many years Jacob seemed to bear a charmed life; but he was at length run over by a van. Every effort which kindness and skill could suggest was made to save this extraordinary bird; but it was of no avail, and he died like a true English soldier, at the post of duty, after a "sentry-go" of not less than twelve years.—*Chambers' Journal.*

"NO, SAMUEL," calmly replied Mrs. Bartlett, in answer to his furious and sarcastic questions, "no. It isn't because there's no gray cloth in Burlington that I patched your summer trousers with seal-brown basket-cloth, but I'm going to break you of your loaferish habit of going in your shirt-sleeves during business hours or I'll make you the laughing stock of the town." And when Mrs. Livermore makes up her list of "superfluous women" she leaves Mrs. Bartlett out every time.

SAYS the *Hawkeye* solemnly: "Yes, daughter, you should go somewhere this summer. You cannot stay at home during the warm weather and live. To be sure your mother, who hasn't been out of town since she was married, can stand it, but then she is old-fashioned and don't know any better, and, besides, she has fun enough doing the washing and ironing. By all means go. Get a linen duster and basket and go at once."

EVEN-TIDE—An artistically arranged bow.

The Blue and the Gray for Hancock.

From the flowery groves of the Southland
And the fields of cotton and cane,
To the wonderful lakes of the Northland
And the pine-clad hills of Maine,

Brave men are dwelling by thousands,
Who once were so hot to slay,
When some wore the blue of the Union,
And others Confederate gray.

The passions of war have subsided,
Its hatreds have gone with the past,
And now, like an army of brothers,
They all come together at last,

They follow a man who in battle
Was bravest among the brave,
And who, when the fighting was ended,
Was the first to console and save.

With him are his war-tried soldiers,
And those that he faced in the fray;
The men who wore blue are for Hancock,
With those who have worn the gray.

For peace and a perfect union,
For brotherhood over the land,
They are forming shoulder to shoulder,
And are marching hand in hand.

Now, "Down with all thoughts of disunion!"
Say those who have worn the gray,
"Away with all sectional feeling!"
The blue-coated veterans say.

They rally for peace and for union,
And who shall dare say them nay?
They rally in blue for Hancock,
For Hancock they rally in gray.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

A REMARKABLE CASE.

New York City is at this time excited by a very strange case, and one that brings sad trouble to a well known wealthy family.—The father is well known on Wall street, and is a fine, portly-looking man. The mother, an elegant, refined woman, has not lost all traces of the beauty that made her a belle thirty years ago, but can still boast a pair of handsome black eyes, dark wavy hair, almost untouched by silver, and a stately figure.

The daughter, Juliet, seems to have inherited her loveliness for while no actual resemblance in features exists, the same great black eyes the rippling tresses and fine figure are noticed.

About a year ago, she was wedded to one of the leading young men of Brooklyn, and the match was universally pronounced an admirable one. The marriage came off with great *eclat*. Then came the farewell, the tour to Europe, and finally the return to the beautifully-appointed home in Brooklyn, where, surrounded by all that taste and wealth can command, the young couple began life in earnest. The first and supremely happy year of their married life had almost passed away, when on one bright day there was ushered into the world a tiny stranger.

The pride of a young father was forgotten for a time in the anxious husband, but when a feeble wail reminded him of his new relationship, he delightedly asked to see his child. The family physician, notwithstanding the fact that his patient was doing favorably, looked unusually grave, and replied that the little one was better left undisturbed for a few days, and must especially be kept from a bright light, as its eyes seemed delicate; so a peep at the little one as it lay shrouded in flannel in a very dark room was all that the father gained, and when the impatient young mother begged that the curtains be withdrawn that she might see her baby, the same admonition was given, the doctor also insisting that it would be best for the child to have a foster mother.

But one person beside the discreet nurse and physician had seen the child—that was Juliet's mother—and when she gazed upon it her face turned white and cold as marble, for she saw an infant with a dark skin, thick full lips, and a head covered with genuine wool. In short, a child with unmistakable African blood in its veins.

Dumb with a horror, the lady left the house with the physician, and when they reached her own she implored him to explain this phenomenon. "Madame," said the doctor, sternly, "there is no 'phenomenon,' but two explanations, either of which may fit this case. The first is too painful and horrible to mention: the second is that your daughter's or your own blood is of mixed purity, and that in this unfortunate child the characteristics of the race of its grandfather or grandmother are repeated—a fact that medical lore proves no uncommon thing either in mental, moral or physical attributes."

The lady wrung her hands in despair, exclaiming: "I will tell you all, for something must be done, and I do not know which way to turn. Listen! About sixteen years ago my husband and I were traveling through the South on an extended tour for my health. During my brief stay in Atlanta I noticed a remarkably pretty mulatto woman, who waited on me at the hotel. She looked very ill, and, in fact was in quick consumption, which, being the disease that threatened me, roused my sympathies. I gave her some medicines and little comforts, but the poor thing seemed almost distracted at the thought of dying and leaving her child, a little girl of two years, which she brought to show me. Its father was evidently a white man, and the child bore no traces of negro blood, but was as fair and lovely as any I have ever seen among ourselves. Sorry for both, I promised the mother to take her child North with me, bring it up well and have her taught to support herself. Matters were arranged with little difficulty, and on our return to New York we took the child with us. On account of her great dark eyes I called her Juliet. As she grew older her beauty, her lovable character and her affection for us won upon my heart. Gradually the prejudices of race faded away, and at last, as Heaven had denied me any children of my own, we concluded to bring her up as our child. No one, from her appearance, would have suspected her descent, which ceased to trouble me until the time of her engagement. The young people were so deeply in love with each other and so happy that I had not the courage to tell the truth which I never dreamed could be found out. Now I see my terrible mistake. What shall I do?"

"Tell the husband all," was the physician's advice, "and let him decide whether or not his wife shall learn the reason of this misfortune or be led to look upon it as an affliction that might have taken the shape of any other deformity."

The lady acted upon the advice, and a bitter scene followed between herself and her son-in-law, who was almost beside himself with rage and grief.

The unfortunate young wife has not yet been told the whole truth, the child having been taken into the country, where it is cared for by kind, respectable people, and as yet no other steps have been taken, though it is understood that the lawyers advise a separation, so the end of the cruel story cannot be told at present.

A DOLEFUL sound—Long Island Sound.

CREDIT MOBILIER—WHAT WAS IT?

In 1862, the year that Garfield was first elected to Congress, that body incorporated a company to build a Pacific Railroad, with a capital stock of $100,000,000; gave it the right of way through the public domain, with all the necessary grounds for buildings, workshops, side-tracks etc., and alternate sections of land for ten miles on each side of the roads and issued to it United States bonds at the rate of $16,000 per mile for 150 miles, $48,000 per mile for 300 miles, and $32,000 per mile for 850 miles, which bonds were declared to be first mortgages on the road. In addition, various branches were projected which added further millions of money and further millions of acres of land. In 1864, after Garfield had taken his seat in Congress, another act was passed which doubled the land grants and relinquished the preference of the Government bonds as the first mortgages by allowing the company to issue its own bonds as such mortgages. The passage of this act was stoutly resisted by such men as E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, and as stoutly supported by such men as James A. Garfield, Oakes Ames, John B. Alley, and others, who afterwards figured in the Credit Mobilier operations. Here was Garfield's first participation in the business. The nature of the scheme was fully exposed by Mr. Washburne. We quote his words in the *Congressional Globe*:

"Who are the men who are here to lobby this bill through? Have the men of high character and of national reputation whose names were at an earlier period connected with this enterprise been here, animated by a commendable public spirit, by motives of patriotism, to ask us to pass this bill? I have not heard of such men being here for that purpose; but, on the other hand, the work of 'putting the bill through' has gone into the hands of such men as Samuel Hallett and George F. Train, *par nobile fratrum*. * * * * Sir, on my responsibility as a Representative I pronounce this as a monstrous and flagrant attempt to overreach the government and the people that can be found in all the legislative annals of the country.—When we look at the original law with all its liberal and just provisions, when we look at the company organization under it and see how far it has failed to meet its proper obligations, and consider the extraordinary amendments here proposed, are we not filled with astonishment at what is demanded of us as the guardians of the people's rights? Indeed, may we not exclaim:

"'Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?'

"I warn the true friends of the road, I warn Congress and the people of what will be the result."

But the jobbers had Congress fixed and the bill passed—passed the House, June 24, 1864—Garfield, Ames & Co. voting for it. Having thus put the government and the corporation in a position to be plucked, the jobbers next turned their attention to the means with which to do the plucking. It was necessary for them to organize a ring. For this purpose the charter of a corporation granted by the Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1859 and called the "Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency" was purchased and an act of the Pennsylvania Legislature procured changing its name to "Credit Mobilier of America." All the large and controlling stockholders in the Union Pacific were stockholders in the Credit Mobilier, and the object and use of the latter were to enable these stockholders to contract with themselves for the construction of the road at enormous prices and so enrich themselves at the cost of the government and railroad corporation. Precisely as if William H. Vanderbilt and his associates in the direction of the Central Railroad should organize another corporation and by contracting one with the other, rob the Central of all its value. The conspirators in the Credit Mobilier scheme made the contract with themselves and got along very well until 1867, when they had a portion of the road constructed and in operation, and being unrestricted were charging enormous rates for passenger and freight transportation. They had nothing further to ask of Congress. What they wanted was to be let alone. Their railroad stock was of no account, but the value of the stock of their Credit Mobilier machine which was robbing the nation was enormous. But Mr. Washburne did not propose to let them alone,—And accordingly, in December, 1867, he introduced in the House a provision restricting the charges for passengers and freight to no more than double the charges on the lines of railroad between the Mississippi and Atlantic coast.

"I shall," he said, "continue to press this matter upon Congress while I have a seat here. This company, whose road the government is building by its enormous subsidies of $35,000,000 and some 40,000,000 acres of land, the company getting the road without the expenditure of a single dollar of its own money, is charging ten cents a mile for every passenger, and on freight one cent per mile for every hundred pounds, more enormous charges than have ever been known in any country."

Garfield, Dawes, of Massachusetts, and others opposed Mr. Washburne, who characterized them as "parties to the monopoly." It was here, at this point, that Oakes Ames began to place Credit Mobilier stock among members of Congress, "where," to use the words of his letter produced in the Poland Report, "it will do the most good"—not to procure favorable legislation, for all was had that was wanted, but to prevent unfavorable legislation and to prevent threatened investigation. To quote the report of the Poland Committee in their conclusions after investigation in 1873:

"In relation to the purpose and motives of Mr. Ames in contracting to let members of Congress have Credit Mobilier stock at par, which he and all other owners of it considered worth at least double that sum, the committee upon the evidence taken by them and submitted to the House, cannot entertain a doubt. When he said he did not suppose the Union Pacific Company would ask or need further legislation, he stated what he believed to be true. But he feared the interests of the road might suffer by adverse legislation, and what he desired to accomplish was to enlist strength and friends in Congress who would resist any encroach

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - - JULY 30, 1880.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT:

GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:

HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,

OF INDIANA.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:

HON. GEO. A. JENKS,

Of Jefferson County.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL:

COL. ROBERT P. DECHERT,

Of Philadelphia.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS:

A. H. COFFROTH, of Somerset.

[*Subject to decision of Democratic Conference.*]

FOR STATE SENATOR:

HERMAN BAUMER, of Conemaugh Boro',

[*Subject to decision of Democratic Conference.*]

FOR ASSEMBLY:

JOHN FENLON, of Ebensburg.

D. D. WOODRUFF, of Johnstown.

FOR PROTHONOTARY:

CHARLES A. LANGHEIN, of Chest Township.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY:

WILLIAM H. SECHLER, of Ebensburg.

FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTORS:

FRANCIS J. BAKER, (3 years,) of Susquehanna.

GEORGE W. EASLY, (1 year,) of Johnstown.

IRELAND contains twenty millions of acres of land. Of this, one landlord owns 170,000 acres; 202 own one-third of the island; 744 one-half, and 1,942 over two-thirds. Of the 1,942, 1,727 are absentees—men who reside in London and other places in England and are rarely seen in Ireland.

"I DON'T BLAME YOU, DAN," is the way Conkling responded to the declaration of Gen. Daniel Butterfield, of Rochester, New York, always an unyielding Republican, that he couldn't get over voting for Hancock. The woods all over the country appear to be full of just such men as Dan. Butterfield.

THE sum and substance of the defense set up by the Republican papers against the testimony of Oakes Ames implicating Garfield in the crookedness and corruption of the Credit Mobilier business, is that although he was bribed by his fellow Congressman, Ames, he was of such an unsuspecting nature, and of such a purely literary turn of mind, that he didn't know it. This conclusion, which is a sorry compliment to Garfield, is arrived at on the familiar theory that "he who is robbed, not knowing it, is not robbed at all."

AT a meeting of John Kelly's Tammany Democratic State Committee held at Saratoga, New York, on Friday last, the State electors placed in the field last April by that branch of the Democratic party was withdrawn, and a resolution adopted pledging the hearty support of the Tammany organization to the regular, or Tilden, electoral ticket headed by Abram S. Hewitt. The union of the two factions of the party in New York is now complete, and assures her vote in November in favor of Hancock beyond all shadow of doubt.

THE latest and most singular phase in the Democratic politics of Blair county is the fact that at a meeting of the Democratic County Committee, held on Saturday last, a resolution was adopted expressing confidence in the Chairman of the Committee, John A. Doyle, Esq., of Altoona, and requesting the Chairman of the State Committee "in all matters appertaining to the conduct of the campaign in this (Blair) county, to consult him (the chairman of the county committee) regardless of the wishes or opinions of outside parties."

THE Republican press is just now raising a great outcry because that ex-confederate soldier has filed a claim for a pension at Washington on account of wounds received while in the rebel army. It has been ascertained that he is a poor, half-witted fellow who was induced by some enterprising Republicans to make his claim, and told that it would be paid. The papers were prepared by a Republican claim agent at Washington, and, it is believed, at the suggestion of the Republican Campaign Committee. It is the case of a drowning man grasping at a straw.

A NATIONAL CONVENTION was held in Indianapolis some days ago whose proceedings seem to have fallen still-born upon the country. It was called a convention of "Irish-Americans," and the few political adventurers who composed it had a great deal to say about the generosity of the Republican party in appointing to the office of Postmaster at New York a prominent and representative Irish American, General Patrick H. Jones. Two or three days after the convention adjourned, General Jones, the Irish-American in question, published a strong letter avowing his determination to vote for Hancock and English.

IT is surprising how suddenly a Union soldier who votes the Democratic ticket falls from grace in the estimation of the Republican party; and it is no less astonishing how patriotic an ex-rebel becomes the moment he joins this same Republican organization. It is a vital doctrine of that party, that a rebel who votes its ticket outranks in patriotism and loyalty a Democratic Union soldier, and hence the Republican press to-day regards Longstreet, who was repulsed by Hancock at Gettysburg, as a better man than Gen. A. L. Pearson, of Pittsburg, who fought through the war and has always been a Republican, but who on a recent occasion publicly declared himself for Hancock.

THE death of John G. Lake, Esq., Register and Recorder of this county, more than three months prior to the next general election, creates a vacancy in the office which must be filled in November by the election of his successor, for the full term of three years from the first Monday of January next. How shall the Democratic candidate be nominated? The Crawford county system of making nominations was adopted by a majority of the votes polled at the delegate elections on the 19th of June last, but as this system cannot enforce itself without the aid of certain rules and regulations, and as they have not yet been established, and we presume will not be until some time during the coming winter, it is manifest that a nomination in the present instance under that system is entirely out of the question. Nor would it be satisfactory to reassemble the county convention for the purpose, even if that course could be legitimately adopted. The only mode, therefore, of making a nomination is by the County Committee, a method only to be permitted in an exceptional case like the present one. The Committee consists of *fifty-two* members, one from each election district, and is consequently just half as large a body as a full county convention. It is a very difficult thing, although it ought not to be so, to get a full attendance of a county committee except through *substitutes*, who are invariably manufactured by parties interested in the action of the committee. We have on former occasions protested against packing the county committee with substitutes for a specific purpose, and we here renew our objections to the practice, which is uncalled for and sure to produce unsatisfactory results. The committee is composed of intelligent men, who are fully competent to discuss the fitness of candidates, as well as their claims upon the party, and to make a satisfactory nomination, as we have no doubt they will do for the office of Register and Recorder, as well as for Coroner and Surveyor, which the county convention failed to provide for, when they meet in this place on next Monday week, in pursuance of the call of the chairman, printed elsewhere.

LUKE P. POLAND, of Vermont, who was chairman of the Credit Mobilier investigating committee, is now trying to hedge on his report, which declared that Gen. Garfield took ten shares of stock from Oakes Ames—that he received dividends on the stock sufficient to pay for it and $329 besides, which sum he paid to Garfield, and says that he never doubted Garfield's personal integrity. This is purely an afterthought, and as Poland, when he made his report in 1873, never dreamed that Garfield would be the Republican candidate for President in 1880, he is only now stretching his conscience somewhat violently to get Garfield out of a very tight place. But Poland does not pretend to say that the sworn statement of Ames before the committee was not true, and on which the committee reported Mr. Garfield guilty of perjury. If Poland thinks that his partisan opinion in 1880 can wipe out the official record of the committee of which he was chairman in 1873, he is not as shrewd as Vermont politicians generally are. He cannot now alter the record or fritter away its plain meaning. There it is and there it will remain, beyond his or any other man's reach to change it or set it aside. He signed the report in 1873 recommending the expulsion of Ames for bribery. Bribing whom? Why, Colfax, Garfield, Patterson and others. If that was true in 1873 is it not equally true in 1880?—and if it is, then Luke P. Poland and his Republican committee were liars and slanderers in 1873. There can be no other conclusion, nor any imaginable intermediate course, and Poland can take whichever horn of the dilemma he prefers.

WHILE boarding at the St. Cloud Hotel, in New York, in 1874, a quantity of valuable jewelry belonging to Gen. Hancock's wife and daughter was stolen from their bureau drawer. General Hancock brought suit against the proprietor of the hotel to recover its value, but owing to that ancient and vexatious impediment known as "the law's delay," the case has never yet been finally disposed of by the Court. This trifling circumstance, however, does not shield General Hancock from Republican abuse and denunciation for having instituted legal proceedings to recover the value of his property. By way of contrast to this jewelry loss, it is made a matter of boast that Garfield was never able to own anything of the kind, but if he wasn't he was both able and willing to own ten shares of stock which he received as a *persuader* from Oakes Ames, and from which he derived some enormous dividends.

THE position of Republican contemporaries in the matter of Judge Swayne and General Garfield, as described by the New York *World*, seems to be that as Judge Swayne did not make for the head of General Garfield a cap which he undoubtedly made, and which happens to fit the head of General Garfield exactly, it is a proof of political depravity to state that the cap fits General Garfield. This may be. But as the cap which Judge Swayne made and which fits Gen. Garfield is a kind of cap which American citizens do not like to see worn by candidates for the Presidency of the United States, it would seem to be more to the purpose for our Republican friends to show, if they can, that this cap does not fit General Garfield.

IT is becoming more evident every day from the tone of the Republican press, that the hopelessness of electing Garfield is now so perfectly apparent to the Republican leaders, that they will concentrate all their energies to carry close Congressional districts, hoping thereby to cripple Hancock's administration in the work of reform.

W. H. ELLIS telegraphs from Montgomery, Alabama, July 23d, to the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee as follows: "Our colored Hancock and English club on its third meeting last night numbered 610. The colored voters are a unit for the cause." This partly accounts for the milk in the "solid south" cocoanut.

THE Congressional Committee appointed to investigate the Credit Mobilier scandal made its report to the House on the 19th of February, 1873, the three members composing the majority being Poland, Banks and McCrary, all well known and prominent Republicans.—How was that report received and viewed by the leading Republican papers of the country? Did they repudiate it or cast a doubt upon the truthfulness of the statements made by the committee? Did they then come to the rescue of Colfax, Garfield and others who were implicated by the report, and attempt to palliate or excuse their conduct? When a Democratic paper now repeats the very language of the report in reference to Garfield, the Republican press cries out that it is false and libellous, although three Republican members of Congress said over their own signatures that every word of it was true. The New York *Times* and the New York *Tribune* were the two leading Republican organs in 1873, and the following extracts from their columns immediately after the Poland report was made, affords mighty interesting reading:

From the New York Times, Feb. 20, 1873.

The character of the Credit Mobilier was no secret. The source of its profits was very well known at the time Congressmen bought it. Though Oakes Ames may have succeeded in concealing his own motive, which was to bribe Congressmen, their acceptance of the stock was not on that account innocent. The dishonor of the act, as a participation in an obvious fraud, still remains.

Some of them have indulged in testimony with reference to the matter which has been contradicted. The Committee *distinctly rejects the testimony of several of the members. This can only be done on the ground that it is untrue. But untrue testimony given under oath is morally if not legally perjury.*

It is the clear duty of Congress to visit with punishment all who took Credit Mobilier stock from Oakes Ames.

From the New York Tribune, Feb. 19, 1873.

James A. Garfield, of Ohio, had ten shares; never paid a dollar; received $329, which, after the investigation began, he was anxious to have considered as a loan from Mr. Oakes Ames to himself.

Well, the wickedness of all of it is that these men betrayed the trust of the people, deceived their constituents, and by evasions and falsehoods confessed the transactions to be disgraceful.

From the New York Tribune, Feb. 26, 1873.

Mr. Ames established very clearly the point that he was not alone in this offence. *If he is expelled for bribery the men who were bribed should go with him.*

ANOTHER CONVERT.—The Pittsburg *Critic* gives the particulars of a straw vote taken on a train near Pittsburgh, the other day, during which those engaged in it met with a surprise. The *Critic* tells the story as follows:

Among the passengers was Col. Henry B. Hays, and when the self-constituted committee approached him, he in answer to their inquiry said, "I am for General Hancock." Considerably surprised, one of them said, "Colonel, are you in earnest?" "I never," replied the Colonel, "put my name to paper unless I mean to stand by it. I am for Hancock and don't care who knows it." It is well known that Col. Hays has been one of the stalwart Republicans of this end of the State, has been for many years a member of the county Republican committee, and has represented his district in every Republican convention for twenty years. The Colonel has long been known as a "Coal King," as well as the fact that he has always been liberal to his men in every way, and as a natural result his influence among them is very great. The Colonel was an officer in the regular army for many years, and during the time was private secretary to the Hon. Walter Forward when he was minister to Denmark. The Colonel will be followed to the Hancock column by many of his "old vets."

A TERRIBLY FATAL DISEASE COMING EAST.—For two months or more a form of disease has prevailed among children in Cincinnati resembling diphtheria in some of its forms. It seems to differ from diphtheria mainly in its virulence, many of the cases resulting fatally in two or three days after the development of the first symptoms. While the disease resembles diphtheria in many of the types of that disease, yet it does not yield to diphtheritic treatment. It shows entirely new features, with which the medical profession are not familiar. The symptoms are an extraordinary swelling of the glands, accompanied by high fever. The disease seems to be confined to children between two and ten years of age. In families of three or four children under ten years of age where the disease broke out, an average of two were attacked, while the others remained exempt. The disease has been prevalent in Cincinnati and vicinity about six weeks, but is now happily waning. It seemed to be epidemic for a time. Some deaths occurred from suffocation alone. The disease seems to have come from the West, and appears to be travelling eastward. About two months ago it attracted attention in Chicago, where it then baffled the skill of the physicians.

TWINS FOUR MONTHS APART.—In our general news department mention is made of two children being born of the same mother in Montgomery county within four months of each other, and here is a similar case reported by Mr. Coleman, a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, who writes to that paper from Phœnixville, Pa., under date of July 26th:

Dr. Hawley, of this town, has now under his care a young married woman, aged 22 years, who gave birth on Saturday last to a male child, just four months after the birth of a female child. It appears that the woman resided in Philadelphia when her first child was born, prematurely, in March last, the infant being at that time eight months' child. It was so puny at birth that tears were entertained for its life, but it rallied, though the mother was only able to nurse it for about two weeks. The mother did not regain her strength, and exhibited according, to her physician's statement, symptoms of dropsy, as well as swelling of her limbs and feet. She removed to this vicinity, and was able to attend to household affairs until last Saturday, when she gave birth to a healthy male child, just four months from the birth of the first one. The mother is doing well, and is now able to nurse both children. This case, though considered a very curious one, and so far not accounted for satisfactorily, is not the first of the kind even in this neighborhood. A paper upon the subject will be prepared by Dr. Hawley to be read before the County Medical Society.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BUSINESS.—The monthly statement of the business of all lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company east of Pittsburgh and Erie for June, 1880, as compared with the same month in 1879, shows:

An increase in gross earnings of	$850,666
An increase in expenses of	419,413
An increase in net earnings of	$431,253

The six months of 1880, as compared with the same period in 1879, show:

An increase in gross earnings of	$4,020,015
An increase in expenses of	1,771,460
An increase in net earnings of	$2,248,555

All lines west of Pittsburgh and Erie for the six months of 1880 show a surplus over liabilities of $1,311,136, being a gain over the same period in 1879 of $1,730,473.

BURNING BARNS AFTER HARVEST.—The annual recurrance of numerous barn burnings, immediately after harvest and at the time when such a disaster entails the greatest loss to the farmer, gives rise anew to the discussion of the various theories of "spontaneous combustion." It is very widely held among farmers and just as earnestly denied by many of them, that damp oats or hay will give rise to a degree that heat will cause a conflagration, and that a piece of iron or a steel fork, left in the body of the grain, will intensify the danger. It is a mooted question of great interest that can easily be settled by scientific investigation. The farmers want illumination on the subject of a different sort from that which is afforded by their blazing barns.

A FOOL ONCE MORE.—For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her; she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Such folly pays.—H. W., Detroit, Mich.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Michigan, will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay. [7-12-9-4t.]

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PENNSYLVANIA A DEBATABLE STATE—ORGANIZED FOR THE BATTLE—THE DEMOCRACY NEVER DIES—LET US HAVE PEACE.

PHILADELPHIA, July 25, 1880.

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

The Democrats will give the Republicans in this city trouble this election. Pennsylvania is fairly a debatable State, and the Democrats will make a great effort to win it. This city is chuck full of the Hancock boom and is unusually lively in forming Democratic clubs. Pennsylvania is to-day a debatable State.

ORGANIZED FOR BATTLE.

The Democratic masses are fully organized for the battle in November, and active work has begun. At a meeting at which all the leading representatives of the two wings of the party participated, a resolution was offered by Mr. Geo. M'Gowan, which was unanimously adopted, giving to the Committee an entire set of officers, the chairman of which is Mr. Lewis C. Cassiday; Secretaries, Thomas May Pierce and Richard J. Lennon; Treasurer, George R. Berrill. The chairman was empowered to appoint two solicitors to attend to the legal business of the committee. Also, a committee on election officers, supervisors and overseers; a committee on printing and advertising; a committee on town meetings; a committee on assessments of candidates, and an executive committee, to have control of tax receipts and election matters in general. Mr. Cassiday gave the cue for the conflict in a short speech, which drew forth immense applause. He said the campaign would be an aggressive one—a determined effort to bring to the polls every citizen who desires to procure for the people an honest and economical government in local, State and national affairs, and whose heart beats with hope that the savior of Pennsylvania at Gettysburg may receive his reward from the people. Every vote polled in the city, he declared, should be honestly counted. Each committeeman pledged himself to work unceasingly until November to place Pennsylvania, as of yore, in the Democratic line. All sides and shades will rally under the Hancock flag. Viewed from every standpoint, the various elements of the party in Philadelphia will take their stand at points where they will do the most good.

With Lewis C. Cassiday as a director of the forces, with such aids as George McGowan, Thomas J. Barger, George R. Berrill, Edward H. Flood, John Sheven, Wm. D. Hendrick, Thomas J. McDonough, John Robbins, Isaac Leech and a host of others, and with a score of such gallant veteran Democratic soldiers and able and eloquent orators as Major Moses Veale, the Democrats of the rural districts may safely rely upon the assertion of the Philadelphia *Times* that "there is now certain to be a poll of nearly or quite *seventy thousand* votes for Hancock in Philadelphia in November; and the Republican leaders may as well look the fact square in the face now as to figure out a different result on paper, only to be sadly awakened when the returns come along."

Chairman Dill has not yet made his appearance as manager of the State campaign, but the machine is being put in the best running condition by an experienced political engineer, Captain William McClelland, who is now temporarily occupying chamber 13 of the Girard House. The Captain is putting the machine in capital running order, and knows well how to run it.

THE DEMOCRACY NEVER DIES.

Although the Democratic party receives many uncalled for and cruel stabs from supposed friendly hands, it always recovers from the wounds. It is as immortal as anything human can be. It may be betrayed and misled by selfish and cowardly leaders, and apparently succumb, but the disaster is always temporary. It may be apparently overthrown, but it sinks only to rise again. It is founded on the ever-enduring platform of human rights, and will live as long as man, to whom human rights belong, exists.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

The New York *World* is trying its best to kick up a dust and bring about another "onpleasantness" by censuring its Republican contemporaries for not paying proper respect to the lays of language. It accuses Republican journals of the crime of using bad grammar in saying: "The United States is a nation." Its strictures on their disregard for the rules of grammar, by using a plural nominative with a singular *verb*, are very insinuating and well calculated to arouse their ire. It fears that if they are suffered to continue offending in grammar that they will continue to get from bad to worse until finally they will say "Garfield are a weak candidate." The *World* should cease its unkind strictures. It should remember that some twenty years ago the country was precipitated into a deluge of blood and tears by a difficulty between the schools of South Carolina and the schools of Massachusetts, about how many "g's" should be employed in the generic description of that creature which has since become known in history and politics as the eminent colored patriot. The Massachusetts school contended that there was but one "g" in "nigger" and the South Carolina school contended that there were two "g's" in it. The *World* should remember the disastrous result of that "spelling bee."

Later too, the *World* should remember how the spelling of the word "bigger" with one "g" come near causing another "onpleasantness," and how very unpleasant it made things for doorkeeper Fitzhugh. It should remember that Republicans offend no more through bad grammar than Democrats offend through bad orthography. A Democratic House seeing how very near the question of spelling "bigger" with one "g" became being adopted as an issue in a Presidential campaign, grasped the situation with great firmness, and forced Fitzhugh to spell "resignation" correctly, thereby depriving the Republican party of what bid fair to be its shibboleth of victory. The *World* should remember a still later instance of "onpleasantness" arising from a case of bad spelling. Polk, who succeeded the unfortunate Fitzhugh as doorkeeper, and whose orthography should have been beyond suspicion, while he did not spell "bigger" with one "g," spelled "negro" with two "g's." Not only was Polk's orthography outrageous, but his enunciation of "nigger" was more offensive to New England ears than Fitzhugh's phonetics. The case of Fitzhugh and Polk both teach us that orthography is a primordial requisite in a doorkeeper.

The fall of Fitzhugh was very melancholy in some respects, extremely ludicious in others, but exceedingly comforting and consoling in its moral effect. It taught us that the doorkeeper of the House of Representatives should not only be a man of grammatical attainments, but of high culture. Fitzhugh was held up before an indignant country as an illustration of the instinctive hatred of the Democratic hosts for common schools. Fitzhugh's bad orthography and Polk's still worse enunciation were most offensive to New England's sensitiveness.

For the peace and happiness of the people, and the good and prosperity of the country, let the *World*, therefore, possess its soul in peace, and suffer Republican journals to offend in grammar by saying the "United States is a nation," or to say that "Garfield are a weak candidate," and Democratic doorkeepers spell bigger with one "g" and negro with two "g's." Better far to suffer under both bad grammar and bad orthography than create another "onpleasantness." Let the *World* shut up. "Let us have peace."

G. N. S.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—There is a four-legged chicken at Freeport.

—There is a thirteen months old calf in Catasaqua that gives a large amount of milk regularly.

—A widow woman in Macon, Ga., sells annually $500 worth of vegetables off her own raising from half an acre of ground.

—A pleasure steamer capsized in a squall on Lake Brienz, Switzerland, on Sunday night, and sixteen persons were drowned.

—The story that Dr. Tanner is an Ohio man exploded itself. No Ohio man is allowed to starve under this administration.

—Dr. Charles Elam says that one pair of herrings if unchecked would in a few years stock the Atlantic Ocean so that there would not be room to move.

—Samuel Scritchfield, Esq., recently elected Burgess of Irwin Station by the Republicans, has publicly announced himself for Hancock and English.

—In Reading there are rival base ball clubs named for Hancock and Garfield. A match between them on Saturday resulted in a victory for the Hancock boys.

—According to the Kansas City *Times*, the crops in Kansas are an entire failure in the larger portion of twenty counties, and twenty thousand people are in danger of starving.

—A woman at Red Clay, Ga., laid her baby in a box at a grist mill, forgot all about it, and went home. The miller filled the box with meal, and unknowingly smothered the child.

—The New Castle *Courant* says that William Best, of Mercer county, this year threshed 800 bushels of wheat from 10 acres of ground. This is the best heard from this season.

—While Constable Power, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, was crossing Red River, on Friday, with Mike Carroll, an escaped prisoner, the latter upset the boat and both were drowned.

—Watkins' Glen is said to be infested with pickpockets. Strange they weren't on hand when the rich editors were there. Would have captured enough to retire permanently from business.

—On Slate creek, in Washington territory, a few days ago, a tree fell on the cabin of Andrew Erekin, and a cross-cut saw, hanging on a beam in the cabin fell on Erekin, cutting him in two.

—A Jerseyman ninety years old is cutting his third set of teeth. A man who has successfully combatted the climate and mosquitoes of New Jersey for ninety years is capable of any teeth breaking.

—Harman McCoy, living four miles from Arcola, Illinois, was stabbed and killed by Eliza McCabe, aided by Joel Engle, during a quarrel on Sunday night. Miss McCabe escaped, but Engle was arrested.

—A man named Blunk living at Mattsunk, Montgomery county, attempted to commit suicide the other day but was prevented. In a statement prepared to leave behind, he stated that he was going to hunt hell.

—Thomas Delano, proprietor of a livery stable on Sherman street, Chicago, was fatally stabbed about midnight on Monday by his wife, whom he was endeavoring to persuade to accompany him home.

—Some of the wealthiest citizens of Milton have put in their claims for a share of the charity fund for the sufferers by the fire in that place, and distribution will probably be made under the direction of the court.

—General Hancock is expected to be present at the raising of a hickory pole at Montgomeryville, Montgomery county, at a time to be fixed upon. The pole will be cut from the farm where General Hancock was born.

—John King, an Irish laborer, ordered Paul Smith, colored, away from an unfrequented street in the suburbs of Cincinnati on Sunday afternoon, when a fight occurred, in which Smith actually choked King to death.

—A negro barber at St. Louis studied law at night for several years, and was finally admitted to the bar. He now works in the shop on Saturdays and Sundays, and practices with considerable success in the courts on other days.

—The Chambersburg *Repository* says that a new potato disease has appeared in that vicinity, more damaging to the plant than the potato bug. It is a small worm res embling the snail in shape and color, and is from a fourth to a half inch in length.

—Among the curious communications Dr. Tanner has been receiving during the progress of his long fast in New York was a proposition from a Philadelphia widow lady who has taken advantage of leap year. She is probably a boarding house keeper.

—A. W. Scott, Esq., the best known Republican leader in the southern end of Fayette county, has come out for Hancock. He is a writer and speaker of much local celebrity, and intends to devote his time and talents to promote the election of Hancock.

—T. Finnel is a California farmer who has 3,600 acres in wheat. He began threshing on the 22d of June, and will not be through with his work until the 1st of September. He employs 240 horses and mules in the work and in plowing, which he will commence at once.

—Two eggs of the Great Auk, declared to be genuine and to have been discovered in an old private collection in Edinburgh, were recently auk-tioned off, if we may be excused the pun, by a London auctioneer, and strange as it may seem the auk-ward things sold for about $500 each.

—Dr. Twoomey, well known as a curiosity in the town of Erin, Chemung county, N. Y. The two parts are one above the other, and separated by ten or twelve feet of hard pan. Water can be pumped from either well, and the lower well pumped dry while the upper has an inexhaustible supply.

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—Dr. Levengood, of Chester county, has quite a curiosity in the shape of a four-legged duck. It has two legs grown together and one which is united with the body at the same place as the double leg, turned up over its back. The leg on the other side of its body is all right. It is now over two weeks old, and as lively as any one of the brood.

—Fannie Roos, a pretty but thievish young woman, was discharged from custody at Paducah, Ky. Within a block of the jail she met John Mathias, a respectable farmer, who was visiting the city. Their acquaintance began on the spot, and before night they were married. In addition to the usual ceremony, the bride took a solemn oath of reformation.

—August Ludeke was so enraged by a blow from a neighbor at Morrow, Ohio, that he swore to kill him. Having no available weapon at hand, he drove to a store five miles away, bought powder and shot, returned home, loaded a gun heavily, walked across the fields to his enemy's house, and fired at him through a window, wounding him seriously.

—The official census of the Second District of Kansas comprising fifty western counties, gives a population of over 335,000, an increase of 275,000 since 1870. The census of the entire State will probably show a population of 1,000,000. All the counties in this district as far west as Pawnee have gained from 100 to 2,000 each since the State census of last March.

—Mr. David Pifer of Henderson township, Jefferson county, has in his possession a cherry tree which was brought by his father from Westmoreland county forty-nine years ago. It is eleven feet in circumference, fifty-one feet in height, and the branches extend over an area of sixty-five feet in diameter. This year it yielded eight bushels of large juicy cherries.

—Subpœnas have been issued in Harrisburg for witnesses in the cases of George S. Smith, of Philadelphia, and Christian Long and E. J. McCune, of Shippensburg, charged with corrupt solicitation of members of the Legislature. The District Attorney is determined, it is said, to have their cases tried in October, and the remainder at the November term of court.

—Pope Leo XIII., as described by a correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, is a man of imposing presence. "His manner," says the writer, "is thoroughly regal, free, easy and confident. He speaks with great dignity and fluency, and with long, almost hexametric cadence. He gives the impression of being a man of tremendous will, coupled with gentlemanly prudence."

—Mrs. Spaits, of Manito, Ill., had been regarded for ten years as a helpless cripple, unable to move. Her husband, from whom she had obtained a devoree, was compelled to pay her alimony in proportion to her apparent helplessness. Becoming incredulous, he invited a party of neighbors to burst into her house unexpectedly, and they found Mrs. Spaits walking about without even limping.

—The crown of William Penn's hat, which is to adorn the thirty-six foot statute surmounting the lofty tower of the new Philadelphia public buildings, will be just five hundred and thirty-five feet from the pavement. The highest towers which have yet been constructed are those of the Cologne cathedral, which have at present a height of five hundred and twenty-four feet eleven inches.

—F. G. Tibbets and J. B. Martin were suitors for the hand of the same girl, nearly fifty years ago. Martin was the victor. He went to Minnesota with his wife, prospered, and left $2,000,000 when he died. His dying request was that his widow should marry Tibbets, who had remained a bachelor, and became a banker in Philadelphia. The wedding is to take place in September. Tibbets is 70 years old, and Mrs. Martin 68.

—Dr. Tanner entered on the thirty-first day of his fast in New York, on Wednesday last, and was apparently bright and in good spirits. In the last twelve hours of the thirtieth day he consumed less than a gill of water, and on Wednesday morning, after resting from his usual drive, he marched around the enclosure in the ball twenty-five times, a distance of nearly half a mile. His gait was firm and his step reliable.

—Mr. Wm. H. Swift, of the firm of Swift, Courtney & Beecher, extensive match manufacturers of Wilmington, Del., has been *sent* to offer a reward of $2,500 for any information that will lead to the return to her home of his daughter Laura, who went into the parlor business the other day on her own hook by eloping with a young man named Matt. Hayden, a farm hand employed in the vicinity of her father's palatial residence.

—The smallest lovers on earth were united at the altar at Odessa, about a month ago. The "Marquis," a native of Kiel, is thirty years old, and weighs only nineteen pounds, while his fairy-like consort, a young lady born in Nennumster some twenty years ago, just turns the scale at thirteen pounds. At first glance this tiny pair, it is said, might be taken for a couple of scarcely weaned babies, dressed up as joke in the garb of adults.

—On last Friday Miss Ada Wellington, of Erie, when about to make a bed in the second story of the house, saw a bird dog lying on the floor. She ordered him away, when he sprang at her and fastened his teeth in her cheek, taking in the entire side of her face, throwing her to the floor and shaking her as he would a rat. Her cries brought other members of the family, who rescued her from the animal. The dog had always before been quite docile.

—Andrew Wilson, of Hillsboro, Mo., took no pains to conceal from his wife and neighbors his intention to elope with Martha Shultz. He announced a day for his departure, and the girl as openly made her preparations. At the appointed time, the pair put their baggage into a wagon and started for a railroad station. Mrs. Wilson, however, learned what to do. They lay in ambush until the runaways came along, and fired upon them, killing both.

—The Sisters of Charity who have charge of St. Vincent's Hospital in this city, says the Portland, Oregon, *Daily Standard*, have again been awarded the contract for feeding the United States Marine patients who visit this port. This is the third renewal of the contract with the Medical Department at Washington, and shows that the services of the Sisters in caring for the sick sailors is duly appreciated. The new wing of the hospital is well under way, and will be completed in a few weeks.

—The *Union-Leader*, of Wilkesbarre, has learned that Dr. J. C. Vought, of that city, contemplates undertaking the feat of fasting forty days, and states that it will be done publicly in Cahoon Hall. "The doctor," it says, "is of the opinion that he can outdo Dr. Tanner, as he has gone without food for the length of time designated upon several occasions within the last fifteen years. A contract is also said to have been entered into, and if the weight of the doctor as watchers during the fast, and will also fix the date upon which the fast is to begin."

—The Omaha *Herald* says that an enormous piece of rock recently fell in an narrow canon between Rock Creek and Chamberlain Forks, in Chickitat county, W. T. It came from a ledge above a road, and nearly crushed a traveler and his horse. It then went over a precipice, flying through the air a distance of some 1,700 feet, went thro' a band of stray sheep below, numbering about seventy-five, killing outright about forty-five of them, while the rest were hurled through the air against the surrounding rocks and maimed or injured.

—At 11 o'clock Monday night Jonathan Wastery, superintendent, Frank Williams, inside boss, and John Reese, district superintendent of the Pike and Reading Coal and Iron Company, descended the Kelly Run colliery, in Schuylkill county, and were found at 1 o'clock in the morning, dead from black damp. Rescuing parties went to work at dawn, and many of these were subsequently taken from the mines overcome by foul air. The most intense excitement prevailed, and all work in the neighborhood was suspended. The three dead men leave families.

—At Holyoke, Maryland, special says a young woman named Jessie A. Moore was tried there for attempting to poison her three-year old son. She was driven to despair by poverty, and the hopeless outlook her husband's desertion presented. She had to make shirts for twenty cents a dozen, and could not remember ever having enough to eat. She hoped with a certain young physician's love and thought her child comfortable. She was judged to be half insane at the time of the poisoning of her child and has just been sent to the Insane Asylum.

—Miss Grace Hancock Goodsell, the heroine of the Passaic river boating accident near Rutherford Park, on account of which appeared nearly three weeks ago, was married on Saturday at Passaic to Mr. Hemming, one of the parties whose life was imperilled by the disaster. Among the many wedding presents was a silver rowboat with golden oars, and bearing the inscription, "To our pilot, God bless her, Grace Hancock Goodsell." The rowboat used on the boat's sides the names of the seven ladies, the preservation of whose lives was mainly due to Miss Goodsell's self-possession.

—The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says that Mr. James M. Van Valen of Hackensack, N. J., has a remarkably fine Maltese cat which has a liking for green vegetables, but it was not until this season that the passion assumed so pronounced a turn as to inconvenience the family. Mr. Van Valen for some days wondered what became of the cucumbers on his vines and careful watching developed the curious fact that they were appropriated by the cat, which has a discriminating eye and delicate taste, allowing the vegetables to grow about an inch and a half in length before it disturbs them; but it searches the vines and eats them all before they are large enough for the table.

A Lawsuit with a Romance.

A WOMAN KEEPING A SECRET FIFTY YEARS—MILLIONS OF DOLLARS INVOLVED—PROMINENT PERSONS CONNECTED WITH THE CASE.

The Baltimore *Sun* says there is now pending in the courts of Ohio a suit involving several millions of dollars in real estate, and which, besides bringing some of the most prominent men in the country, including President Hayes, Chief Justice Waite, Judge Tilden, and others, forward as contestants, has an intensely romantic history connected with it, in which a Maryland family constitute the principal characters. The story goes that some time in the year 1812 a Captain Ford, of this city, was married to one Lovey Buskirt, a widow, formerly Miss Lovey Ward, of Somerset county, Md. Shortly after his marriage Capt. Ford is said to have left Baltimore in command of a privateer, which was captured by the British. Captain Ford was taken captive and placed in Dartmoor prison, where he remained for some time, but finally escaped by tunne

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY MORNING, - JULY 30, 1880.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

The members of the Democratic County Committee are requested to meet at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on **Monday, August 9th, 1880,** at 1 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of transacting important business. The late County Convention failed to nominate candidates for Coroner and Surveyor, and the death of John G. Lake, Esq., creates a vacancy in the Register's office, thus making it necessary to place in nomination candidates for Register, Surveyor, and Register and Recorder.

All members of the committee are earnestly requested to attend, to take whatever action may be deemed advisable.

WM. H. McCULLEN,
Chairman Democratic County Committee.

COUNTY COMMITTEE.

Wm. H. McMullen, Chairman, Conemaugh Borough.

Allegheny Twp.—R. A. Trotter.
Blacklick Twp.—Frank Little.
Cambria Twp.—Henry D. Rager.
Carrolltown Twp.—I. N. Wiesinger.
Carrolltown Bor.—Mich'l Hallorau, 1st ward; John Ling, 2d ward.
Chest Twp.—David Shinkle.
Clearfield Twp.—J. J. Thomas.
Cresson Bor.—Jos. J. Behe.
Croyle Twp.—Sebastian Kramer.
Dean Twp.—John G. Gill.
Ebensburg Twp.—N. J. Donegan.
Ebensburg Bor.—John J. Devlin, 1st ward; Jos. Shoff, 2d ward.
Conemaugh Twp.—Jere. Wiesinger.
Johnstown Bor.—D. N. Wonders.
Johnstown Bor.—Jas. D. Fleamer.
Johnstown Twp.—Dennis Canley.
Loretto Twp.—Chas. McCabe.
Lower Yoder Twp.—Thos. McCabe.
Munster Twp.—Fergus Lloyd, East ward; J. Donnelly, West ward.
Patton Bor.—Patrick Ryan.
Portage Twp.—Anselm Weakland.
Franklin Bor.—Peter Rubritz.
Summerhill Bor.—T. S. Chesney.
Summit Twp.—Wm. Dawson.
Susquehanna Twp.—W. W. Harris.
Upper Yoder Twp.—John Hannan, 1st ward; Jas. Shoemaker, 2d ward; Louis Wehn, 3d ward; Adam Ober, 4th ward; A. N. Wakefield, 5th ward; Conrad Boeder, 6th ward.
Washington Bor.—A. J. Rittell.
Westmont Bor.—Andrew Mulheron, 1st ward; Jos. Connelly, 2d ward.
Wilmore Twp.—Philip J. Sanders.
Washington Twp.—Phillip D. Scully.
White Twp.—Hugh McMonigle.
White Twp.—Columbus Gallagher.
Richland Twp.—John L. Hornick.
Jackson Twp.—Geo. Oldham.
Summerhill Twp.—Bernard Connelly.
Gallitzin Bor.—Paul McKenna.
Gallitzin Twp.—Edward Manion.
Taylor Twp.—Jas. R. Clark.
Loretto Bor.—Thomas Plunkett.
Washington Twp.—Michael Bradley.
Upper Yoder Twp.—Peter Luther.
Somerset Bor.—J. Y. Fleck.
Somerset Bor.—George Keough.
Lower Yoder Twp.—Jackson St. Clair.
Upper Yoder Twp.—George Kniss.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—Bear in mind that Barkers sell shoes cheaper than any other dealer.

—The farmers are just now for the most part in the hay-day of their usefulness.

—The farmers are all cutting their grass after the old style—that is, *a la* mowed.

—Three white swallows are exciting the curiosity of the people of Upper Yoder township.

—We are glad to make an out of the fact that the oats crop promises an abundant yield.

—Remember that V. S. Barker & Bro. sell more shoes than all the rest of the merchants in town.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have a large stock of floor, ground from old wheat, which they are selling at the lowest prices.

—Don't forget to bear in mind and keep in remembrance that Barkers' have reduced the prices on shoes of all kind.

—Rt. Rev. Dr. Warren, one of the newly appointed Bishops of the Methodist Church, was announced to preach at Cresson on Sunday last.

—The trout-fishing season for the present ends with to-day, and almost inconsolable is our piscatorial friend, A. Jackson Lee.

—Don't forget when you want to buy fruit jars, either tin or glass, that you will find the best assortment at the lowest prices at Barkers'.

—A number of Swedes heretofore employed in the construction of the Somerset and Cambria railroad have pulled up stakes and started for Ohio.

—Our young friend Geo. H. Thomas is meeting with very flattering success in soliciting subscriptions to Col. Forney's "Life of Samuel Dunwoody."

—Mr. Geo. W. Jones, ticket agent at East Berlin, formerly of this place, was in town Wednesday attending the funeral of his little niece, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Y. Barker.

—Superintendent Berg is at present holding the annual examinations in the southern part of the county. By the way, if Mr. Berg has not published the official list of examinations he failed to see them.

—Thousands upon thousands of children die annually of those diseases incident to infancy, whereas, if Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup were used in time, their lives would in all probability be saved.

—Patrick Flynn, a former resident of Johnstown, who had been afflicted for a long time with insanity in a mild form, and was confined at Dixmont Asylum, died in that institution on Monday morning last.

—Harry Lewis, a young man from Philipsburg, Centre county, fell from a freight train, on which he was stealing a ride, at Mt. Union, Huntingdon county, on Friday night last, and was run over and instantly killed.

—The obituary notice of an infant son of Mr. Frank Cramer, of Chest Springs, whose death at the early age of one year and eight months occurred on Tuesday morning last, came too late for our present issue, but will appear next week.

—Will it do any harm?" This is the question often asked, and the answer is, "it can not," for Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is an innocent remedy, warranted to contain neither Opium, Morphia, or anything injurious. Price 25 cents a bottle.

—Rev. Vincent Huber, son of our friend and patron Mr. Peter Huber, of Carrolltown, was recently raised to the dignity of priesthood at St. Vincent's College, Westmoreland county, and celebrated his first Mass at Carrolltown on Sunday last.

—Pleased we are to learn that Brother Woodruff, of the Johnstown *Democrat*, has accumulated enough of the "filthy lucre" to purchase a three-horse power steam engine, which will henceforth be utilized in running his newspaper and job presses.

—In our report last week of the proceedings of the Democratic Club meeting on the Friday night previous we inadvertantly omitted the name of the President of the Club, Dr. M. R. B. Creery, from the list of permanent officers elected on that occasion.

—A rat was caught at the Logan House, Altoona, the other day and put in a glass box, in which it was literally smothered to death by tobacco smoke breathed upon it by several gentlemen who sought in this way to amuse themselves and torture the unlucky rodent.

—A Susquehanna township man named Weyland was made the happy parent the other morning of twin baby boys, both of whom, however, were rather delicate specimens of humanity at the time of birth, and the probabilities were that they would not long survive.

—R. L. Johnston, Esq., of this place, delivered an eloquent and of course a witty speech at a grand Democratic ratification meeting at Erie one evening last week. The meeting was held in the open air, the largest hall in that city being too small to accommodate the vast multitude.

—Barnabas Byrne, one of the oldest citizens in the northern portion of this county, died at his home in Carrolltown on Tuesday last. We cannot state his age, but think it was not far from 85. He was a quiet, inoffensive man and enjoyed the good will and respect of all who knew him.

—A Pittsburgh gentleman named Gormley was in town on Tuesday and gave it as his honest conviction that Garfield would be elected. Persons who have made up their minds to that effect are so few and far between that we have thought it worth while to put Mr. Gormley's opinion on record.

—Only two incumbents of offices in this county have died during their term of service—Mr. Milton Roberts, who was elected Prothonotary on the Whig ticket in 1854, and John G. Lake, Esq., whose death occurred on Saturday last. Another exemplification of the fact that "few die and none resign."

—We can assure the Altoona *Sun* that the delay in settling the Senatorial question in this district, and we agree with that paper in saying that it ought to be settled without unnecessary delay, is in no way due to Mr. Banmer, who expresses himself as ready to proceed to business at almost any moment.

—A tramp named McDonald, who will probably be remembered by many of our readers as a member of a notorious gang known some two or three years ago as the "Little German Band," was brought to jail on Monday night last to serve a sentence of fifteen days for stealing rides on freight trains.

—In the Blair county court on Monday last, *seven* indictments for fornication and bastardy were held over until next sessions. How many cases of the same kind have been or will be tried during the week, we do not know. This being thus, is it any wonder that the population of that county has reached 52,000?

—The Johnstown *Tribune* says that twenty dollars in money, a silver watch, a set of silver teaspoons, and some other articles were stolen from Mr. McCormick, of Summerhill township, on Tuesday night last, but as our information comes pretty direct, we are inclined to think that his total loss is noted elsewhere.

—The editors of the Altoona *Sun* and *Tribune*, both daily, are just now engaged in the delectable business of calling each other pet names, such as "liar," "hereditary drunkard," "sleuth-hound," "swash buckler," "traveling pauper," etc. How pleasant it is to see brethren editorial and otherwise dwell together in unity.

—A dwelling house in Clearfield township, owned by Jackson Durbin and occupied by Joseph Wills, caught fire on Monday of last week, while Mr. Wills and family were at dinner, and notwithstanding all their efforts, and the Wills worked with a will, the building was totally destroyed, though we presume most if not all the contents were saved.

—The many friends in this vicinity of that model conductor and genial gentleman, M. A. Quartz, will regret to learn that he has been confined to his home at Cresson for several days past with congestion of the brain, which for a time threatened serious consequences, but from which he is now, we are glad to say, slowly but surely recovering.

—A copious but not long-continued thunder storm passed over this place on last Monday afternoon, and during its prevalence a large tree in the vicinity of ex-Sheriff Blair's farm, a mile or so east of town, was struck by lightning, set on fire and almost entirely consumed, the conflagration being plainly visible from several points in Ebensburg.

—Mr. Thos. Hoover, of Cambria township, as will be seen by a card elsewhere, announces himself as a candidate for Register and Recorder, as does also Mr. Hugh McMonigle, of Prospect borough, provided, of course, that the Johnstown *Democrat* is not misinformed. Both of the gentlemen named are good Democrats and well worthy of a place at the official table.

—The Tyrone *Times* says that Mrs. Robinson, of Warriorsmark, Huntingdon county, is the mother of a little son, now about 7 months old, born without eyeballs. The child, as a matter of course, is entirely blind, but cheerful, happy and beautiful to look upon. It is physically perfect in every other respect and looks like a child asleep, its eyelids being closed, but perfect.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have had such an increased trade on boots and shoes that they have been forced to enlarge their store, and are now making one of the finest displays of shoes in the State, which at their greatly reduced prices cannot be excelled anywhere. Hence it is that everybody buys shoes from them at prices that other merchants have to pay for such goods at wholesale.

—The borough of Gallitzin numbers among its thousand or more citizens (the exact number not being conse-at-able from the census returns) just sixteen widows and seven widowers, few, if any, of whom have as yet given up all hope of being once again mated and reanimated in a marital sense. All which promises a more abundant harvest for the new pastor than he reaped in this locality.

—Here it is again—another diminutive egg, shell and all, found imbedded in the yoke of an ordinary-sized hen egg—the third of the kind brought to light in this community within less than a month. This last eggstraordinary discovery was made at the domicil of Mr. Lewis Hoover, who has sent the small egg and the shell of the larger one to our office for the inspection of the curious in such matters.

—A little child of Mr. Chas. A. Langbein, of Chest township, the Democratic candidate for Prothonotary, died on Tuesday last, but his brother-in-law, Judge Thomas, who by the way, is confined to his bed and in the hands of the doctor, who remained with him all of Wednesday night, was unable to inform us of the age, sex or disease of the little one. We tender our sincere sympathies to the bereaved parents.

—Our two worthy friends, Andrew Foster and Chas. S. Ruth, accompanied by three other Johnstowners, passed through this place on Monday last *en route* for Carrolltown, where they proposed to spend a day or two in fishing for eels, hunting for coons, etc., but as they failed to report on their way back we take it for granted that the off-fish-al figures co(o)n-tained a good *eel* that wasn't worth bragging about.

—Of all the modern inventions the Patent Incubator takes the lead, but experience teaches all that whether poultry is hatched by the patent process with artificial heat, or by the old original way patented by nature, they are subject to cholera, gapes, etc., and experience likewise teaches those who have tried Roberts' Poultry Powder, in such cases, that it is a sure cure every time. Go to Barkers' for it. [6-25.-1m.]

—The first brick for the new Court House were moulded on Friday last, when about two thousand were turned out, but the machine didn't get down to the work in real earnest until Tuesday, when sixteen thousand brick were moulded and set out to dry. The sand and brick were moulded and set out to dry. It is expected that from 20,000 to 25,000 will be the product as soon as the employes, who for the most part are new to the business, get the hang of the thing.

—Frank McPike, the junior of the FREEMAN establishment, went in bathing with a number of other youths at Griffith's dam on Saturday last, and as he couldn't take his clothes with him he left them on the bank, only to find on emerging from the water that some light-fingered juvenile had gone through his duds and stolen his pocket-book, containing the principal part of a very modest fortune—one dollar and thirty-five cents.

—Messrs. S. B. Corn & Co., of Altoona, have opened a branch store at Chest Springs, this county, which they have placed under the personal supervision of our worthy and long afflicted friend, S. M. Douglass, Esq., who will be sure to receive, as he merits, a large share of public patronage. We commend the new venture to the consideration of the many readers of the FREEMAN over that way. Advertisement next week.

—The requisite funds have been raised by voluntary contribution for the purchase of three snare and one bass drum for the use of the Hancock and English Club of this place, which contains enough musical talent within itself to get up a good band, fifes and all.

—We acknowledge the receipt of a postal card from Mr. Noah W. Shafer, Register in Bankruptcy, informing us that the assignees of Lloyd & Co. will pay us the princely sum of 99 cents, being a dividend of 5 per cent., on presentation to them of our certificate of deposit or other evidence of indebtedness. Who will say after this that there are no bloated bondholders in the printing business?

—The decomposed remains of an infant child, deposited in a poplar box evidently made for the purpose, was found buried in an ash heap in Altoona on Saturday evening last. The poor little waif had evidently been dead about a month, but whether it was a case of infanticide or the result of inability on part of the parents to give it a respectable burial, remains a mystery. The remains were sent to the almshouse for interment.

—The residence of R. Bruce Petrikin, Esq., of Huntingdon, was invaded on Friday night last by burglars, who carried off the shirt and pantaloons of that gentleman, which they despoiled of a diamond pin and a small sum of money, leaving the pants in the hall of the house and the shirt in a neighboring yard. The thieves also attempted to force an entrance at the residence of Mr. Lovill, but the bars and bolts were too much for them.

—Still they come and still they go, because they find there is no show for half the folks who'd gladly stop and spend the heated term on top these mountains blessed with purest air and pleasant landscapes, rich and rare, with coolest shades and balmy zephyrs, sportive lambs and thriving heifers. We allude, of course, to those who seek for quarters here by month or week, and find, alas! there is no room for all who'd wish to give our town a boom.

—John G. Lake, Esq., was the fourth incumbent of an office in this county who died in the harness, so to speak, the three others who preceded him to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns" being Mr. Milton Roberts, who died August 20th, 1856, while occupying the position of Prothonotary, Mr. Edward Glass, a member of the Board of County Commissioners, and Poor Director Patterson, whose death occurred in Johnstown a few months ago.

—The Hollidaysburg *Standard* gives the Democrats of Altoona the very best of counsel when it advises them to take no stock in the attempt of the *Tribune* to demoralize and disintegrate the party in that city, but to hold a grand mass meeting, call some man from the ranks to the chair, resolve to discountenance all childish squabbling, and to hold no more political association hereafter with men who stand ready to assassinate, in a political sense of course it means, their fellow Democrats.

—If F. A. Shoemaker, W. Horace Rose, C. L. Dick and ex-Sheriff Baumer are not ubiquitous, and we don't believe they are, the Court reporter of the Altoona *Tribune* must have drawn very strongly on his imagination when he pictured the aforesaid gentleman as occupying seats inside the Blair county bar on last Monday forenoon, when we know to a certainty that all four of them were pall-bearers at the funeral of John G. Lake, Esq., in this place and at the time stated.

—An Italian named Luigi Garborgnati has been arrested in Erie for stealing two valuable watches, one gold and the other silver, from a fellow countryman named Angelo Ransel, who has charge of a gang of Italian laborers on the Somerset and Cambria Railroad, with which Garborgnati was connected until a few days ago. Officer Barklay, of Johnstown, went to Erie on Wednesday last to bring the prisoner back, and no doubt the latter will be brought to jail here this (Thursday) evening.

—Dr. Hugh Pitcairn, junior member of the firm of Dern & Pitcairn, publishers and proprietors of the Altoona *Tribune*, daily and weekly, has hung out his professional shingle in Harrisburg, where he proposes to make his future home, although still retaining his interest in the "print shop" aforesaid. In all our intercourse with the Doctor we have found him a genial, clever gentleman, and as he is said to have few if any superiors in his profession, we certainly wish him abundant success in his new departure.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* departs from the una-Lloyd truth, which is an unusual thing for that paper, when it couples the name of Judge Lloyd, of this place, with those of Messrs. H. A. Shoemaker, of Ebensburg and Michael Sweeny, of Cambria borough, in making up its list of applicants for the position just made vacant by the death of John G. Lake, Esq., Mr. Chas. A. Latterner, of this place, a brother-in-law of the deceased and clerk in the Register and Recorder's office, is, however, an applicant for the vacant place.

—Rev. J. N. MacGonigle, who so ably filled the pulpit of the Presbyterian church in this place for a couple of years, but who for many months past has been stationed at Parker City, has received a call from religious brethren of Oil City, where he preached a very acceptable sermon on Sunday last, but as he is well pleased with his present position, it is not at all likely that he will listen to the very flattering proposition that has been made to him, notwithstanding it guarantees a salary of $1,700, which is $400 in excess of his present income.

—Col. A. K. McClure, editor in chief of the Philadelphia *Times*, who has been a guest at Cresson for the past three or four weeks, paid our town a visit on Friday last and returned to Cresson on the evening train. He expressed himself as being highly delighted with the pure air of our mountain village, and as he is conceded to be one of the best politicians in the State, the expression of his confident belief that Pennsylvania would cast her vote for Hancock was especially gratifying to the Democrats who had the pleasure of meeting him.

—Mr. Wm. A. Bryan, at one time Chief of the Bureau of Inspection in the Post office Department at Washington, is just now sojourning at the Mountain House in this place, and proposes to remain with us for some time for the benefit of his health, which he says has been wonderfully improved since his arrival. Mr. B. is a Virginian by birth and was at one time connected with the editorial management of a Democratic newspaper in that State. He is a sociable and genial gentleman of great intelligence and of extensive and varied information.

—William Lashu, a freight brakeman on the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad and a resident of Altoona, was thrown from the bumper of a car in consequence of the train parting at Kittanning Point, on Thursday afternoon of last week, and falling on the track his left leg was run over and nearly torn off below the knee, and also horribly cut and mangled. He was taken to his home, where the injured member was amputated, and he is now getting along as well as could be expected. The injured man is aged about 38 years and has a wife and an adopted child.

—Our young friends Calvin M. and D. G. Hackett, the former of whom has for several years and at different periods been connected with the *Daily Tribune* and other journals in Altoona as local editor and otherwise, while the latter has for a long time and very acceptably filled the position of business manager of the journal above named, are about to depart for Fort Wayne, Ind., where they have been offered similar positions on the *Daily Sentinel*, which has recently been purchased, building and all, by their kinsman, Mr. E. A. Hackett. That our young friends may prosper and wax rich in their new home is the earnest wish of all who know them.

—Master Ed. Fenlon, of this place, was suddenly seized on Monday evening last with an irresistible desire to go bathing, and as a prelude thereto handed his gold watch, a small but valuable one, to his grandmother, Mrs. Susan Rhey, who did what the Legislature has often done with its little bills, laid it on the table and went up stairs. Since then the watch has been among the missing, and the only possible conclusion to arrive at is that some contemptible sneak-thief stole into the room and gobbled up the tiny ticker.

—Since the item elsewhere relating to the robbery perpetrated at the residence of our friend McCormick, of Summerhill township, was put in type, a postal card from that gentleman informs us that his total loss consists of a silver watch, a $20 note, a gold pen, and perhaps a few silver spoons. A tramp whom Mr. McC. harbored on Wednesday night of last week, and who is described as about 5 feet 7 inches in height, very spare, with fair complexion, black hair tinged with gray, and wearing a black coat, gray pants, buckled stogy shoes and a small black hat, is suspected of being the thief.

—Brother Over, of the Hollidaysburg *Register*, needn't take on any agony about that quart bottle of whiskey said to have been deposited in the corner-stone of the present Court House in this place, which isn't being torn down to any great extent, nor won't be for a year to come, as we can assure him that if McPike, who, he says, is loafing around most of his time, waiting for the stone to be opened, or rather, that there are whispers to that effect, gets his hands on the bottle he may rest assured that at least a portion of its contents will be sent *over* the line to where it will be appreciated at its full value.

—A tramp was found locked up in a freight car at Conemaugh on Saturday last, piteously appealing for deliverance, and when released from his unpleasant predicament he was within an ace of becoming a first class subject for a second class funeral. On the following day two other tramps were released from a freight car in the Altoona yard, and as the car in question was loaded almost to the top with shingles, on which they ensconced themselves before the train left Pittsburgh, they were nearly smothered to death when their deliverance came, and hence were permitted to depart without further punishment.

—The Altoona *Tribune* of Tuesday says that in the course of a few days the first dividend in the Lloyd estate will be ready for payment. At a late meeting of the creditors it was decided to distribute five per cent. among the creditors. The checks are all made out ready to give to their owners, and only await the arrival of the register's rolls, which will be in that city before a week goes by. The checks will amount to nearly all the way from three cents to fifteen hundred dollars. Much inquiry has been made at the banking house in regard to the matter during the past week, but people will have to wait a few days longer.

—On Tuesday of last week, as we learn from the Indiana *Democrat*, Christ. Sweitzer and the three young Borings, who have been incarcerated in the jail of that county for over two months, on a charge of murdering a peddler named Marks, were brought before Judge Blair on a writ of *habeas corpus*, when it was made clear that instead of Marks being murdered, he had skipped his creditors and was living with his wife at Dubuque, Iowa. All this was discovered by a detective, who furnished the proof. With the consent of District Attorney Watson, on motion of Joseph M Thompson, Esq., the Court at once discharged the prisoners.

—The author of the somewhat celebrated Panthamus fiction comes to the front again in this (Thursday) morning's Altoona *Tribune* with a story about a youth named Pennel Sharp, whom it locates a short distance west of Cresson and who it says had his leg so shockingly mutilated by an alligator while bathing in a tributary of the Conemaugh river the other day—said alligator being the same one, it is supposed, which very conveniently escaped from a freight car which was dumped into the stream by a collision some time last May—that mortification set in and the limb had to be amputated just below the knee. Of course we donut the allegation and think we can whip the alligator.

—A dishonest domestic named Kreiger, stole forty dollars in silver scratch and a switch of hair from the residence of Alderman Blake, of Altoona, on Thursday last, but was followed by that gentleman to Tyrone, whither she had bumped her way on a freight train in company with a tramp, and was there arrested and made to disgorge the forty dollars of the money, the other fifteen having passed into the possession of her masculine companion, who was not captured. The other articles were not recovered, because she did not have them in her possession and it was not known at the time that they had been stolen. The felonious feminine is now in jail awaiting trial.

—While Philip Berger, who is employed at the vitriol tubs of the Gantier Wire Works in Conemaugh borough, was passing from one tub to another, about 9 o'clock on Saturday morning last, the board which was laid across the tubs tilted up, and he made a very narrow escape from being precipitated bodily into the fearful vitriol, and dexterously avoided by throwing himself backward. Both of his legs, however, were plunged into the vitriol as high up as the knees, and before he could withdraw them from the terrible bath they were burned in a shocking manner. Since then his sufferings have been intense, and the probabilities are that he will not be able to resume work for several weeks.

—We had the pleasure last week of receiving a visit, only too brief, from our esteemed friends, Prof. C. O. Barg and lady, of Wheeling, W. Va., formerly of Hollidaysburg, who are spending their vacation from college duties among relatives and friends in and about Gallitzin. Mr. and Mrs. Burg are among the most talented and accomplished teachers and musicians whose friendship we have the pleasure of enjoying, and not unfrequently in former years have our columns been enriched by contributions from the gifted pen of the lady in question, whom we have known only to esteem from earliest childhood, and who we hope will give us what we are sure will be a readable sketch of her no doubt enjoyable visit to relatives and friends in and about Gallitzin.

—Our good friend and true, Joe H. Gadd, of Wyncote, Kansas, has our thanks for a special invitation to be present on Saturday evening last at the dedication of a Democratic wigwam in that city, and had it not been for the want of time and money we would have made the pilgrimage with pleasure, especially as one of Cambria's most gifted sons, Hon. Wm. A. Peelers, of Leavenworth, Ks., "spoke a piece" on the occasion, and more, especially because a little Pennsylvania reunion with our friend and his excellent wife would have been exactly to our liking. Mr. Gadd assures us that Wyandotte has a large and enthusiastic Hancock and English club, which numbers among its members many persons who have heretofore acted with the Republican party. And so it goes all over the country.

—With sincere regret we chronicle the death of Miss Annie Farrell, daughter of our worthy old friend John Farrell, formerly of Conemaugh borough, who died at the home of her father in Johnstown on Friday last, of lung disease, long since contracted, aged about 22 years. She was, as the Altoona *Sun* very appropriately remarks, one of the most highly esteemed and beloved young ladies in Tyrone, and her loss will be deeply felt by all the members of the family, as well as by a large circle of relatives and friends, to whom she was greatly attached. To her bereaved father, who always manifested a great affection for his children, and especially for the stricken one, her early death cannot but prove one of the saddest afflictions he has ever been called upon to bear, albeit there is every reason to believe that his loss is her eternal gain. That God may grant rest to her soul is our earnest prayer.

—We noted briefly in these columns last week that Dr. W. H. Sloan, of Chest Springs, was robbed in Altoona, a few evenings previous, of a gold watch and ten dollars in money, but if the Carrolltown *News* is not misinformed he fared even worse than we had any intimation of, as that paper says he was waylaid while in that city buying drugs, knocked down and robbed of his gold watch, worth $125, and his pocket-book, containing $75 in cash and a number of valuable papers. The same paper also avers that the Doctor had his ankle dislocated and was otherwise injured. The Altoona *Tribune* of Monday copies the above statement and adds: "An Altoona gentleman who saw the performance says that the doctor was lying on Twelfth street, east of the bridge; that he was picked up by some man and helped to Tenth avenue. The man then reared him against the fence and robbed him, but did him no bodily harm."

—We regret to learn that a silver watch and a twenty dollar bill were stolen from the residence of our amiable friend, John McCormick, of Summerhill township, on Tuesday night last. Entrance to the house was gained by removing the lower sash of one of the windows, after which the thief, who, like his victim, seems to have a weakness for greenbacks, made his way stealthily up stairs, and passing through a room occupied by a lad in Mr. McCormick's employ, finally invaded the sleeping apartments of that gentleman, and, after rifling his pockets, just as quietly took his departure without disturbing any of the household. Who the midnight marauder was is of course unknown, no clue whereby to identify him having been left behind, but we understand that Mr. McCormick has his suspicions, which may or may not be well founded, and which may or may not do him any good, even if they are well founded.

HANDSOME PRESENT TO A RESPECTED PRIEST.—In compliance not only with a public request made through the Altoona *Sun* of Tuesday evening last by the generous people who took part in the presentation, but also as a matter of interest to many of our readers, we note with pleasure the fact, an inkling of which we gave last week, that Rev. John Ward, assistant pastor of St. Patrick's church, Newry, Blair county, and eldest surviving son of Mr. Martin Ward, of this place, was made the subject of a most pleasant and agreeable surprise on Sunday last, which came, as we learn from the paper above named, in shape of a fine horse, harness, buggy, saddle and bridle, the entire turnout costing about $300. The affair originated with Mr. P. S Dorsey, of Roaring Spring, and it was through his energy and determination that it proved so successful. The amount of the purchase money was raised by individual subscriptions in a few days by Mr. Dorsey, and to the liberal donors he desires to return his sincere and hearty thanks. The presentation was made directly before mass on Sunday morning. In presenting the equipage Mr. Dorsey said:

Dear and Beloved Father: I have been requested, in behalf of those whose signatures you will find attached to this document, to offer you a token of our affection and regard. We wished in some way to show our appreciation of your ability as a spiritual guide and of your patience and kindness in dealing with the faults to which we are sometimes proverbially prone, and after some debate and consultation as to the method of doing so, concluded that the most befitting exponent of our feelings at the present time would be something in the shape of a horse and buggy, with saddle and bridle and harness attached, to which we could all liberally and cheerfully contribute; and however insignificant their value might be, when measured by the magnitude of our obligations, they would agreeably remind you that we were not ungrateful. I cannot tell you how delighted I am to be the medium of conveying to you the expression of our united love. What we offer you is but a symbol of our feelings; but we know you will receive them kindly, as a simple indication of the attachment which each one of us cherishes for you in our heart of hearts. Your flock, in transmitting to you by my hands this noble young animal and magnificent buggy standing here, desire to accompany the present with such an expression of their regard for their faithful shepherd as I, their fellow-worshipper, may consider appropriate. It, however, they think I can translate their hearts and give you a true version of their feelings in words, they overrate my powers. You know, dear Father, better than I can tell you that no "set phrase" can do justice to the esteem in which you are held by the members of your congregation. We tender you this token of our affection not in acquittance of any portion of the debt of gratitude we owe you as our spiritual guide and teacher, but simply as a recognition of the zeal, energy and success with which you fulfill the duties of your sacred calling. We entreat of you to accept it in that light only, being convinced that you will derive hereafter satisfaction from the assurance that we appreciate your labors in the gospel vineyard than you could possibly derive from any consideration of a more worldly nature. May the bond of spiritual and social union that binds us together, as I trust for good, long remain unbroken. May a blessing rest upon it and upon our mutual endeavors to extend the kingdom of the Divine Master. With our gift, dear Father, receive our warmest wishes for your health and prosperity. And may the horse prove a faithful and devoted servant and live long to do service in the noble cause that he is partially to represent. And you, dear Father Bradley, the prayers of those who have been kind enough to respond to our generous call.

Father Ward was completely taken by surprise, but recovering himself in a moment, said in reply:

Gentlemen and Friends: I thank you from the bottom of my heart for this princely present. This presentation is indeed a very agreeable surprise to me. I therefore feel myself at the present time altogether unable to thank you sufficiently. As a great author said, "Words are as naught when the heart is full," and so full of gratitude is my heart that really the tongue refuses to utter all the heart feels at this most happy period of my existence. Your worthy representative, Mr. Dorsey, has in his beautiful address referred with complacency to the zeal, energy and success with which I bring the duties of my sacred calling. If successful, or I might say faithful, the work is not mine, but that of God, who gives fecundity to the sacred words of religion, and the good seed has been scattered not in an ungrateful soil, but in that rich, luxuriant earth which is produced by the holy gifts of faith, hope and charity, and which I hope may always abound in your hearts. You have been as a congregation, be it said to your praise, always obedient to the voice of your venerable pastor, Father Bradley, who has been with you for the half of a century; or I might say rather to the voice of God, who speaks to those willing to receive His divine inspirations. And in looking over the list of signatures I notice the names of many who stand outside the threshold of our congregation, and to them I return my sincere thanks for their kindness and the affectionate impulse which prompted them to subscribe so liberally and cheerfully. Your affection, believe me, is cordially and warmly reciprocated. When I contemplate this magnificent present, cheerfully coming from out the reservoir of your hearts, it fills my own heart with emotions of pleasure and gratitude toward you. I will keep and cherish this princely present, accompanied with the names of those who contributed so generously, as a memento of your kindness and consideration, and when I drive this noble young animal it will remind me of those happy and salutary relations which bind the priests and people of St. Patrick's congregation in their duties to one another to God and His Church. In repeating my warmest and sincerest thanks, let me, in my parting words, reciprocate all your kind and affectionate wishes. May you all enjoy health and happiness, with length of days; may God bless you; may all your undertakings be blessed on earth and crowned in heaven.

PARTING OF PASTOR AND PEOPLE.—Rev. Father Boyle, of the Church of the Holy Name, preached an able sermon last Sunday forenoon on the sin of pride and the virtue of humility, and at its conclusion announced to the congregation, whose spiritual interests he has so faithfully and zealously watched over for the past five years and seven months, that he was no longer their pastor, the Bishop having in his wisdom and zeal for the glory of God seen fit to place in charge of the church at Gallitzin and fill as best he could the place made vacant by the appointment of the venerable and beloved Father Ryan to the pastorate of St. John's church, Altoona. Having made this announcement for which his people were to some extent prepared, he proceeded to other sources. Father Boyle bade his congregation a brief but affectionate farewell, and it is needless to say that although the parting was not unexpected, it fell with a crushing weight on the hearts of all present, while many an eye moistened with tears of sincere regret when they realized that the bonds of love and sympathy which have so long existed between pastor and people were about to be sundered. We are free to admit that it is contrary to the wishes of the Reverend gentleman himself, who is the very personification of modesty and unobtrusive merit, that anything more than a mere announcement of his departure should be made by us, but try as we may we cannot refrain from still further adding that ever since Father Boyle came among us he has enjoyed in an eminent degree the veneration and love of his people and the respect and esteem of all classes of the community. That the former, at least, will not be without work to do without manifesting in some more tangible shape their appreciation of himself as a man and of the great good he has accomplished as their spiritual guide and director, we have good reason to believe, and that God will bless and prosper him in his new field of labor is, we are sure, the earnest prayer of many a well-wisher besides. Who his successor is to be has not yet been ascertained, though we still hope to be able to announce the appointment in the present issue of our paper.

BARS AND CONTENTS DESTROYED BY FIRE.—A large, new and valuable barn owned by Mr. William Humphreys, a Cambria township farmer who resides about five miles south of this place, was burned to the ground, with all it contained, about midnight on Sunday last. Mr. Humphreys had completed his wheat, rye and a portion of his hay harvest, and as a consequence the barn was well filled with the products of the farm, though it is probable that the $300 insurance which he had on his crop will not fail very much short of covering his loss as far as the grain and hay is concerned, and with the exception of the barn, which was insured for $700 in the same company, but can scarcely be replaced for the money, there was little else destroyed by the flames. How the conflagration originated is one of those things which may never be found out, but as Mr. Humphreys is positive in the assertion that neither himself nor any member of his family had occasion to go to the barn after dark, and of course could not have taken any light there, the only conclusion to be reached is that the fire was caused by spontaneous combustion or through the carelessness or viciousness of some one who had no business on the premises. Being located some distance off the main road, it don't seem likely that any of the tramping fraternity had a hand in the burning, and hence the opinion that some chicken thief accidentally set the barn on fire strikes us as not an improbable theory. Mr. Humphreys has the sympathies of all in his very inopportune loss, though the hope is entertained that the $1,000 will not fall much short of repaying the damages.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S GREETING.—Following is the letter of the distinguished Catholic dignitary above named to the Newman Literary Institute of St. Francis' College, to which reference was made in our last issue:

THE ORATORY, June 15th, 1880.

GENTLEMEN:—I hope you will be so good as to excuse my delay in answering your most flattering and kind letter of March 22d.

It has arisen from various extraordinary engagements which I have had to fill up the interval, and the consequent accumulation of my correspondence. I now beg to tender to you my best thanks for your congratulations on my elevation through the courtesy and favor of the Sovereign Pontiff, to a place in the Sacred College.

I feel also the honor that you do me by connecting my name with the literary efforts of your Society. It is not only a great compliment; it is a token of friendly sympathy and attachment which I feel deeply. Every Literary Society must have a Library. Might I be allowed to present to it six of my volumes, such as you would take the trouble of selecting? I enclose a list.

Most truly yours,
JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

For Barkers Another Big Boom!

THIS TIME, HOWEVER,

THE BOOM IS DOWNWARD

INSTEAD OF UPWARD!

SPECIAL LOW PRICES

TO SUIT THE TIMES!

No use talking about it, we have the goods and must get rid of them, even though we should lose money in the operation. That means that we have an overstock of

Ladies' Fine Shoes and Gaiters,
Men's Heavy Shoes,
And MISSES', YOUTHS' and CHILDREN'S SHOES,

all styles, sizes and qualities, and that we must close out the entire assortment before the our new stock arrives, which will be about the 1st of September. Hence we have determined for the NEXT FORTY DAYS to offer

Shoes at Greatly Reduced Prices!

Our prices now are acknowledged to be much lower than anywhere else, so that the special prices we offer to buyers at this time affords everybody a chance to get

BETTER BARGAINS IN SHOES

than ever before dreamed of in their philosophy. It will pay you, then, to buy your shoes now, even if you do not wear them for the next six months, as it is a fact of which all should be aware that boots and shoes will be higher next winter than they are now; therefore our loss will be your gain. The only purpose we have in reducing prices beyond all precedent is to

MAKE ROOM FOR OUR NEW STOCK,

which has already been ordered. So if you are open for a bargain now is the time and our store the place to get more and better goods for your money than will probably ever again have a chance to enjoy. We also have some bargains in

DRY GOODS, REMNANTS OF CALICO,
SHORT PIECES OF DRESS GOODS,

&c., &c., which we must and will sell regardless of what they cost us. In addition to all these extraordinary bargains and many more in other departments, we have the largest, most select and certainly the finest and best assortment of

Ready-Made Clothing!

in Ebensburg, and are prepared at all times to furnish either full or partial suits of wearing apparel for men or boys at lower prices than goods of like quality can be purchased at any other establishment. More than that, we have special bargains in seasonable clothing just now for everybody who wants to dress well at a very small outlay.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR GOODS AND LEARN OUR PRICES!

AND YOU WILL FIND THAT WE MEAN EXACTLY WHAT WE SAY.

**V. S. Barker & Brother

ODD FISH

In the rivers on the coast of Surinam is a small fish, about the bigness of a smelt, which hath four eyes, two on each side, one above another. This fish, from its faculty of seeing double, is probably caught half-seas over, but in swimming it is observed to keep the uppermost two under. As many fish at particular seasons prime—that is, come to the surface and swim half submerged may not the reflection or refraction of the water have had its dual effect upon the eyes of the intelligent observer?

Captain Leigh, in his voyage to Guiana, recounts: We saw a white thing floating upon the water, which sunk when the ship came within fifty or sixty paces of it. It resembled a man's head without hair. Some said they saw a great many of them, and observed two black eyes and a mouth upon them. We also saw a strange sort of fish, about as long as an ordinary lamprey, and equally round, with a large fin or crest above a foot high over its head, and stooped in a continued series down to its tail. It swims upon one side, so that the fin, together with the body, represents a large fish of triangular form, and it makes its way by shifting from one side to the other. But when it catches its prey the fin is straight, and appears above water an ashy color, though the body is as white and round as a tallow candle. This is corroborated by Thevenol.

Sir Thomas Herbert gives an account of dolphins, which he says were no bigger than a salmon, and that these also were incredibly swift. He was on the coast of Zanquebar, a large kingdom on the east side of the Cape of Good Hope. There he saw great numbers of dolphins, of which he gives the description: That they must effect the company of men, and are nourished like men. They are always constant to their mates, embrace, go with young ten months; are so tenderly effected to their parents that when they are 300 years old they feed and defend them against hungry fishes, and when they die carry them ashore and bury them.

At Kilgarring, Pembroke, there is a cataract in the river, called the Salmon Leap, because they take their tails in their teeth and spring over the cataract. This notion still prevails in Norway and Sweden.

Perhaps 'the tallow-candle fish mentioned by Captain Leigh is a relation of the one noticed in the *Colonist*, December, 1879, as follows:

In the waters of British North America, as we are informed, there is a fish, as surprising in its way as the sea serpent, and infinately more useful. It is a species of smelt, and may be poetically described as an aquatic glow worm. We are told it may be literally used the same way as a candle, by simply setting a light to the tail, when it will burn with a flame as steady as that of the "dips" which our grandfathers used to have to put up with before gas was invented. It is a small silvery fish, averaging about fourteen inches long, is excessively fat, and affords an excellent and valuable oil, which is so inflammable that the dried carcass will serve as a torch. Among the natives the fish is known as the oolahan, and by them, as by many others who have tasted it, it is considered one of the most delicious products of the sea, being far more delicate in flavor than the herring. The fish are caught in wicker baskets, and are smoked as much as their oily nature will allow.

Here are some very odd fish from the Danube.

The river Danube has a great plenty of fish, and one sort uncommon called the hellsow, a very large fish, some of them twenty feet long, which are supposed to come of the Euxine sea. They taste like sturgeon, and have a hollow nervous chord down the back, which when dried they use instead of a whip. When they fish for them they blow a trumpet, the noise of which brings great shoals about their boats. There is a fish called a grundel, that has six beards, two short and four long.

Mr. Fotherby tells us that in the Caspian sea there is a deformed sort of fish called the glutton, whose head seems to be within its belly. It has a round tail seven or eight feet broad, and as many long, by which it can overturn a boat.

Poisonous fishes are often alluded to in ancient works, and it is but due to their authors to say that their statements have been fully confirmed by subsequent inquiry into results. There is no doubt that congers, pike and barbel in Europe are poisonous at certain seasons, and the roe of the barbel especially so. But it is curious to observe that identically the same fish caught in two different latitudes shall possess the extremely opposite qualities of wholesomeness and otherwise.

Dr. Stuart Eldridge states that the salmon is doubtless the most common toxic fish of Japan. From the spring onward this fish is out of season and if eaten after that period of the year occasions such accidents as follow the eating of tainted meat. In Japan the like danger follow the eating of the kateno (bonito) and the maguro. The Lethrinus nambo can be eaten with impunity until it attains a certain size—say a length of five to five and a half inches—after which it becomes poisonous. Here then it would appear that the age of the fish has something to do with its injurious qualities. Pappenheim gives a list of more than forty poisonous species, principally inhabitants of the torrid zone. Among these we find mackerels, perches, herrings, sea pikes, and a large number of species belonging to the order or Plectognathis. The latter order contains five genera that are poisonous; the most common genius in Japan is the teutraosow, or swill fish, the species of which are knowu by the general name of fugu, so poisonous that their sale are prohibited by law; but there is strong evidence to show that it is the roe of the fish and not its flesh that has the fatal effects to which several medical men attest.—*All the Year Round.*

DR. UNGER'S CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—The claims of Dr. Unger for a remedy for curing intemperance would seem to be justified, if we may rely upon as good authority as the Chicago *Tribune* for the evidence. Mr. Joseph Medill, the editor, is a strong indorser of the new remedy, and from the editorial commendations of it in the columns of the *Tribune* we conclude the remedy has produced some benefit to the community already. It is claimed that the doctor has cured 28,000 persons of the worst form of intemperance with it, and that this is the first remedy ever discovered that kills the disease and the inclination to drink at one and the same time.

Remedy.—Take one pound of best, fresh, quill red Peruvian bark, powder it, and soak it in one pint of diluted alcohol. Afterward strain and evaporate it down to half a pint. Directions for its use: Dose—a teaspoonful every three hours the first and second day, and occasionally moisten the tongue between the doses. It acts like quanine, and the patient can tell by a headache if he is getting too much. The third day take as previous, but reduce the dose to one-half teaspoonful. Afterward reduce the dose to fifteen drops, and then down to ten, and then down to five drops. To make a cure, it takes from five to fifteen days, and in extreme cases thirty days. Seven days are about the average in which a cure can be effected.

AN old gardener says, with regard to cultivating onions, that if care is taken to draw away the earth gradually from the bulb until they are quite uncovered and only the fibrous roots are in the earth, you will never have scallions, but very large, sound onions.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Bloating, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ For sale by GEO. A. KELLY & CO., General Agents, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Dr. WM. LEMMON, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [7-2,'80.-ly.]

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PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.

DR. H. H. CLARK, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases of KIDNEY TROUBLES it has acted like a charm. It has cured many very bad cases of PILES, and has never failed to act effectually."

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IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?

BECAUSE IT ACTS ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS AND KIDNEYS AT THE SAME TIME.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Female disorders.

KIDNEY-WORT is a dry vegetable compound and can be sent by mail prepaid.

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3

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COUGH
SYRUP!

40 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT and EFFICACIOUS remedy now in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

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October 24, 1879.-1y.

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STOMACH
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GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The Great Eng- TRADE MARK.

unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse, as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption, and a Premature Grave. ☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to everyone. ☞ The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

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Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

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☞ Testimonials of the highest order in proof of these statements.

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It is the best **Blood Purifier**, and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and is thus a benefit in all diseases.

It cures **Scrofulous** and other **Skin Eruptions** and Diseases, including **Cancers, Ulcers**, and other Sores.

Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, etc., are cured by the **Safe Bitters.** It is unequaled as an appetizer and agent of health.

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WARNER'S SAFE NERVINE

Quickly gives **Rest** and **Sleep** to the suffering. Cures **Headache, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Epileptic Fits**, and relieves **Nervous Prostration** brought on by excessive drink, overwork, mental shocks